

LIFE

December 14 1928

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That Christmas forever after is remembered as the Christmas when Father or Brother or Bob or Jim got his Hamilton.

For a fine watch like the Hamilton is really a living gift that goes on living. Year after year it ticks confidently away, marking the passage of time with almost uncanny accuracy.

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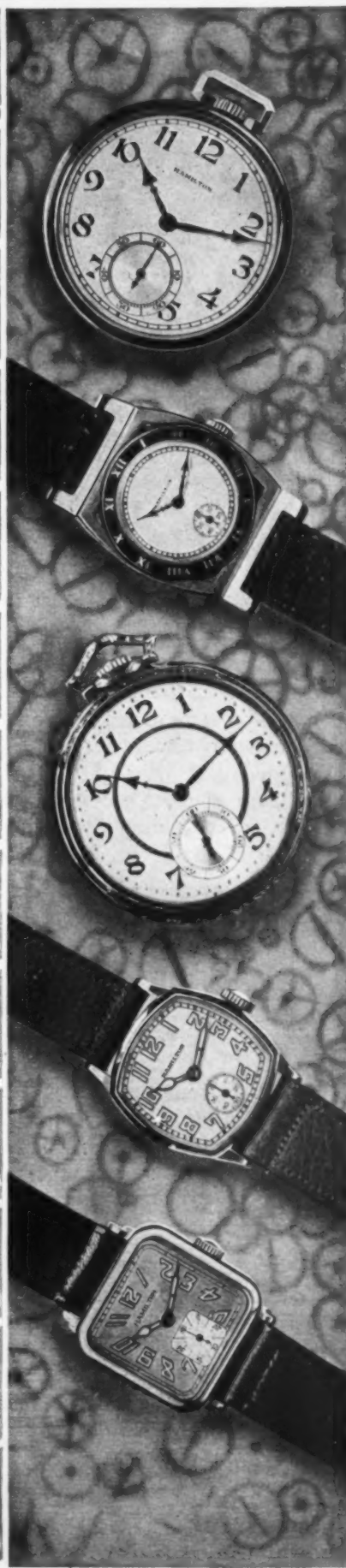
Beautifully proportioned in line, with a welcome yet simple richness of appearance. In filled or 14k green or white gold, plain or engraved, \$50 to \$77.

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Hamilton

THE WATCH of
Railroad Accuracy



Just One Thing

"Do you remember, you said you would give me anything I wanted for a New Year's present? Well, what I want is something for you as well as for me. . . . Is it a promise?"



© 1928 W. L. L. CO.

THERE is one thing that every wife who loves her husband wants above anything else in the world—that he may have good health and a long life.

How many thousands of wives there are who are haunted by a secret fear that their husbands are not entirely well—who steal glances, when the other is off guard, in an effort to discover the cause of that constant dragging weariness, those too frequent headaches, those mysterious fleeting pains. Almost every woman knows that sharp thrust of anxiety to her heart, that catch in her throat when she thinks something is wrong with the man she loves. What is it? What can she do?

No longer must a doctor judge the physical condition of a man by his unaided senses alone. Now, by means of marvelous instruments, he can actually look inside the body and watch the various organs at work! He can see the heart beat, the lungs contract and expand, he can watch the activities of the digestive tract. He can take x-ray photographs showing nearly every part of the body.

So new are the discoveries of medical science in relation to prolonging life that the majority of intelligent men and women have not heard about them. So amazing are some of these discoveries that they are difficult to believe. That seems to be the only sensible explanation of the estimate that but one person in 500 has an annual health examination.

To determine the value of health examinations, a group of 6,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were given physical examinations. These per-

The doctor today who has kept step with the great discoveries in medicine can sometimes learn important things about the condition of the person he is examining, merely by testing the blood or taking the blood pressure. He can often trace the cause of pain in some remote part of the body to infection in a sinus or tonsil. Frequently ailments of years' standing have been traced to unsuspected infection at the roots of teeth.

Doctors today need not guess. There are means for them to find out. They can detect trouble and in many cases check it before it has had time to damage the body greatly. Often their scientific examinations show the beginning of serious ailments of which the person examined had not the slightest suspicion. It is folly of the most inexcusable sort to refuse to take advantage of the marvelous aids science has given us to discover and check disease and to prolong life.

Make sure that your dear one has a thorough health examination this month. And why not have one yourself? No better New Year present can be made.



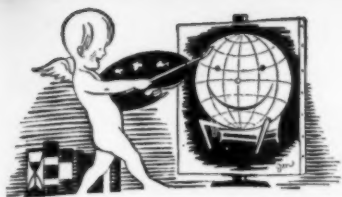
sons were advised to the extent they and their physicians deemed necessary on the proper way to conserve their health. In nine years the saving in mortality in this group was found to be 18 per cent.

The Metropolitan has recently prepared a booklet containing most important rules for gaining and keeping health. It gives much valuable information that tends to make life both long and happy. Send for booklet 19-F. It will be mailed without charge.

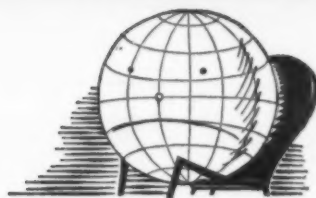
HALEY FISKE, President.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

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LIFE



"Father offered me five thousand dollars if I wouldn't allow anyone to kiss me until I was twenty-one!"

"And what would you have done with the money?"

THE UNEMPLOYMENT SITUATION AT A GLANCE

As far as is now known, Mr. Calvin Coolidge will not accept any of the following jobs after March 4 (incidentally, we might remind our readers that this is a complete list of the jobs which have not already been rumored as being under consideration by Mr. Coolidge):

Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Manager of the Philadelphia Nationals.

Fuller Brush Co. salesman for the District of Columbia.

Press agent for Clara Bow.

Nite Club Editor of *Variety*.

City Clerk of Northampton, Mass.

One of the four Marx Brothers.

Our next heavyweight champion.

A. G.

SUGGESTED sound effect for the Vitaphone—Adolphe Menjou crackling his shirt-front.

WHISPERS

THERE is some doubt whether Santa Claus will be allowed to enter Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas this year. Someone started the rumor that the old gentleman isn't a Protestant.

MRS. RABB: Do you and your husband exchange gifts at Christmas?

MRS. GABB: Last year we had to exchange practically everything we got.



"Hev—lend me that thing on your watch chain; I want to open this can of sardines."

"Perhaps You'd Better Not See Me Any More"

HE: You know I adore you. Can't you care for me?

SHE: Gosh, I wish I did but I just don't care for anybody in *that* way.

HE: But I'd do *anything* for you!

SHE: I know you would, and I'm terribly fond of you but I never could marry anybody I didn't love!

HE: Well, could you ever love me?

SHE: Gosh, how can I *tell*, my dear?

HE: I suppose you can't, can you?

SHE: Perhaps you'd better not see me any more.

HE: Oh, I couldn't live without seeing you!

SHE: But if you *really* care for me so

terribly *much* it prob'ly *hurts* you to see me, doesn't it?

HE: Yeah, but not as much as it would if I didn't. Don't you think you might care enough for me some day?

SHE: But how can I *tell*? I mean I'll have to just sort of *wait*.

HE: But do you like to see me?

SHE: I *adore* to! I mean I'm terribly *fond* of you and I'm terribly appreciative of what you *think* of me.

HE: I think you're the most wonderful girl in the world. But don't you think a girl gets tired of a man who devotes himself to her when she doesn't care for him?

SHE: Well, some girls might feel that way about it but I think lots of times men who devote themselves to a girl for years win *out*—do you know what I mean?

HE: Oh, if I could only believe that would be true in our case!

SHE: Well, it *might*. Who *knows*? Only I *really* don't think you ought to see me any more if it's going to make you miserable or something.

HE: I couldn't be any more miserable.

SHE: Well, then, I s'pose the *only* way for us to do is just see each other now and *then*, my dear, and I'll do *everything* I can to make you feel *diff'rently* about me so that you won't feel so miserable about being in *love* or anything.

Lloyd Mayer.

shelved

WE are discarded,
we're down and out;
in sulky silence
we pout.

we're superseded,
we are debarred;
after so long time
it's hard.

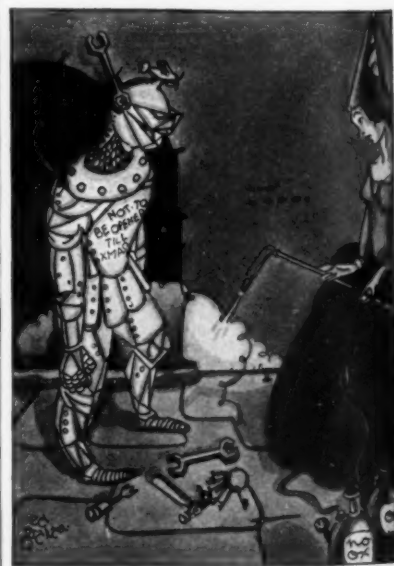
and in our place—
damn the type-setters,—
they use lower case!

WE'RE CAPITAL LETTERS.
Carolyn Wells.

PULLING TOGETHER

"Do the Federal and local Prohibition officers co-operate in this town?"

"Yes; the Federal officers arrest the local police and the local police arrest the Federal officers."



GUINEVERE: I wonder whether he's worth all this trouble!

GUYAS
WILLIAMS

The Man Who Wanted a Stamp for One Christmas Card

THE MAIN STEM



by
Walter Winchell

DEAR PAL WILLARD: If they tell you that I have gone tall millinery and have acquired adenoids, please don't believe them, for I really haven't, although I've been seen making the rounds of the gayer parlors with David Ludovic George Hopetoun Carnegie, Earl of Northesk, Baron Rosehill, which is one person, familiarly known around Broadway as "Dave." I come to his defense, old-timer, strictly because the locals have been tossing him around for laughs, and because he doesn't rate being hit below the belt.

This Stem, as you know, kid, is a pretty merciless avenue. That is, too many of the natives on it are crummy at heart and wouldn't give a person a "break"

unless there was a big enough percentage in it. Lord Northesk, who happens to be an all-right guy, also happened to fall madly in love with Peggy Joyce and then the fun began—for the other fellows. I tittered myself. However, when his divorce from Jessica Brown, the phormer Ziegpheld pholly, was made final, Northesk went to one of the white-light joints—without Peggy, but with her permission—where he went gay.

He was simply being himself, you know, "regular"—which is only another way of saying he is democratic; but it appears that this town doesn't quite get the point. Well, to make a short story interesting, Willard, Northesk rubbed shoulders with "the mob," the lower class, the racketeers and their soiled ladies. He urged them to call him "Dave" and to drop the Lord business and not make a fuss over him. He got up and Black-Bottomed and Charlestoned to everyone's delight because he was in the mood, and take it from me, his dancing is really better than that done by some professionals.

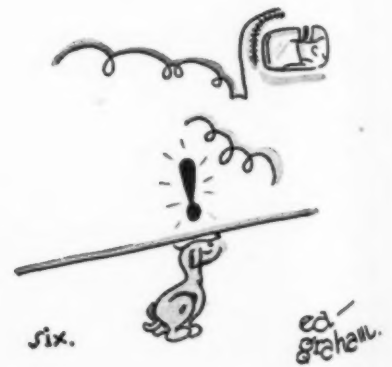
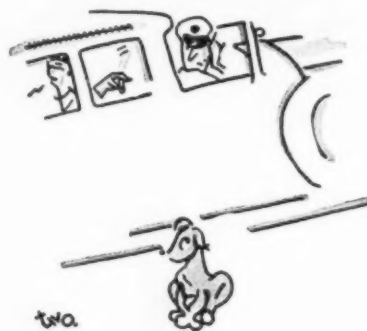
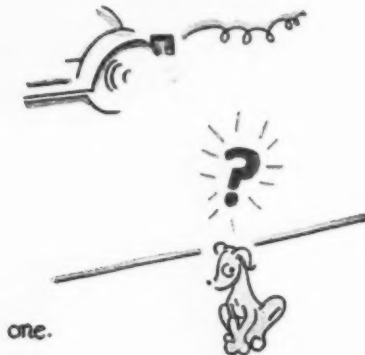
So what happened? One of the tab reporters played the "story" to the hilt (and it was a great story), and they

clowned with him, adding that "Lord Northesk made whoopee without his fiancée!" They inferred that he was never going to marry Peggy and when Peggy, who is in a new show now, got a load of the yarn, she made it a better tale by announcing that all was off! Well, Northesk, like so many of us, took it too much to heart.

I tried to tell him the other night that he made his big error in not putting on some of the dog that most other titled visitors put on when they come to America. But he argued otherwise. He doesn't agree with me when I tell him that Americans "go for" that snob stuff—provided the snobs have titles. Then he pointed out the popularity of the Prince of Wales and the Earl of Amherst (the latter is Jeff Holmesdale of the *World's* reviewing staff), and Northesk added: "The hell with the title. I want to be one of the crowd!"

But you see what comes of a nobleman's trying to "be one of the mob," don't you? He isn't a phony, but some of the saps won't believe it. I feel rather sorry for him, really. If he featured a monocle and dropped his aitches most of the social climbers would break their

The Animal Lover





"And then when I finally did get the big Swede talkin' fur coats—I find out he's the president of the Anti-Steel-Trap Society!"

dusty necks to meet him. Instead the newspapers yip at him for being human and falling in love with a woman.

This is the bird who comes from a distinguished clan in Scotland which can date back to 1666, when Charles Second gave them a title. One of his kin lies beside Nelson over in St. Paul's; and when Dave was sixteen he ran away to enlist with the British Cavalry, being snatched in time on family orders after getting to France. It seems you had to be eighteen to join that Huge Tiff.

I hear he is tremendously popular in Europe, too, because, besides being an intelligent man, he excels at sports, horsemanship and so forth. If I recall rightly he holds a World's Record, having shattered the record for the Cresta Run at St. Moritz. Last winter via the tobogganing route he made 1,326 yards in 58.5, breaking by two-tenths of a second the record which stood for seventeen years.

I'm for him strong and you may quote me. I also apologize to him for the man-

ner in which some of my colleagues have taken advantage of him, but I warn him, also, that he is International News copy



HER VISITING UNCLE (a clergyman): And what do you suppose I have in my pocket?

HIS NIECE: A flask of gin?

and he mustn't give them a chance to ballywhoopee him for circulation reasons. I think I get his point clearly enough. The only difference between Lord Northesk and myself is that I do my whoopeeing under cover in sotto-voce spots while he seeks his fun where the Bright Lights are. Am I right or am I right?

DISAPPOINTMENT

COUNT Friday lost whose low descending sun

Finds me with LIFE in hand,—my reading done,—

Yet found in Mrs. Pep's enticing sheet
No subtle hint of what the smart set eat!

Carolyn Wells.

ATAXY

NURSE: Another patient for you, doctor. A victim of congestion.

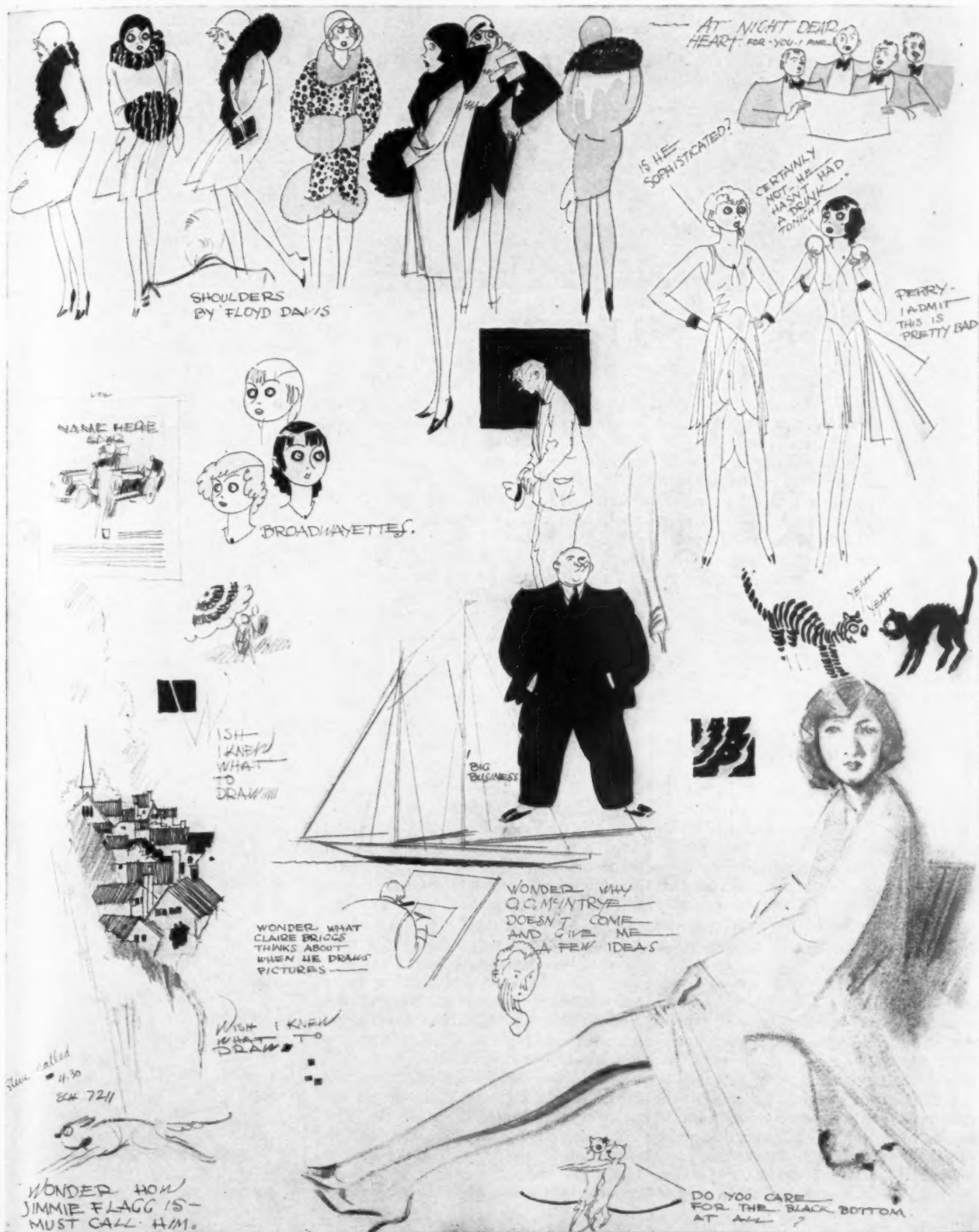
DOCTOR: Of the lungs?

NURSE: No, of the traffic.

TWO PAGES from the SKETCH



BOOK of RUSSELL PATTERSON





SKIPPY'S LETTERS

by
Percy L. Crosby

DEAR SOOKY: They wasn't nothin' to do after supper cept meander up to the Post Office and watch the postmaster play solitaire with left over mail. He looked at me over his glasses when the bell over the door tinkled me in. He never pays any more attention to me than to a draft comin through the keyhole.

Almost every night ya can find someone hanging over the coal scuttle, but to-night there wasn't a soul sittin around. I picked up the snow prints I tracked in an let them fizzle on the stove. Then I opened the stove door an put my hands before the hot coals to see how near I could come without gettin burnt. When it got so I had to stand on one foot an then the other, I cut it out. Sometimes ya can stand more near than other some-times.

The door starts ting-a-lingin an in walks Otis Evans, the church janitor's son. He's one of sixteen kids the father has—an the mother too, of course. Everybody around here knows that the government gives them a pension for havin sixteen children. At first it caused a lot of jealousy until fourteen of them was taken down with the measles all at oncet.

Otis comes right over to me an hands me a great big apple. I knew he never expected to see me there an was goin to eat it himself. Everybody that knows Otis, though, has him down as a guy that gives away everything he has—an that ain't much cause the little money he does make sawin up cord-wood, he turns over to his father. There's somethin awful girlish about the guy—maybe it's cause his voice is so soft. Then he looks at you so timid sorta—keeps dartin his head in

an out of a great big coat, like a chipmunk afraid to come out an play. But don't get rollin up your sleeves an feelin mussy, cause this Otis ain't no weak sister.

Well, I took a bite outa the apple an then set the kid up to a nickel's worth of jelly beans. After that we got very chummy. He sorta come out of himself when he saw that I had all friendness about me, an showed me some fish hooks that he had in his pockets. Ya could see that the worms was never used—one was almost, so there must be fish around somewhere. I opened up the stove door an for a long time we looked at the fire. Then we walked over to the door an stood blowin our breaths on the glass an listenin to the sleigh bells. From that moment on, conversation began to stir.

I asked him if he believed in Santy Claus an he said yes he did, cause he believed in God, an God made Santy Claus. He listened to all the things I was goin to get for Christmas—anyway all the things I asked for—but when I got through he never said nothin, just blew on the glass an rubbed it out with his finger again. I asked him what he was goin to get an he said he hoped he'd get glasses so that he wouldn't stub his toes so much, walkin home at night. I said, "Where does glasses come in with stubbin your toes?" An he said that he never told nobody for a long time cause he was afraid they'd kid him, but he couldn't see so good. He told me he kept it a secret until one time he came home with a bloody nose an his father licked him cause he thought he was fightin. It was really because he fell down.

I found out for the first time that Otis don't like to ask for nothin, not even at Christmas time. "Well," I says, "how about these glasses—are they goin to get

them for ya?" He said he thought so, but there were so many things they had to buy, his father hated to buy knick-knacks, but he said he supposed he'd have to cause twice already Otis had spilled the milk pail, an losin the milk would cost more in the end.

I didn't know what to say, but under my breath I told God he could take all my toys if he'd only give Otis the glasses. First I was goin to say half my toys, but I was afraid God might not like it if it looked like I was holdin back.

The cat came purrin an rubbin against my legs so I picked him up an says, "How much do ya think he weighs?" Otis says, "Put him on the scales an let's see." The postmaster must have heard Otis's voice cause he came out. I guess he didn't know Otis was there before. He says to him, "When's your father goin to pay that bill?" Otis's face gets a terrible shamed red on it an he looks at me like he wants me to go. "Ya needn't come around here askin for any more trust till that bill is paid," the postmaster says, an Otis looks at the floor as if he could never look anyone in the face again. It's the first time in my life, Sook, that I ever put my arms around a guy's shoulder. I just whispered in his ear, "Otis, don't forget to look in on me Christmas morning—I've got somethin for ya." Then I see he had a lot of explainin to do, so I sneaked out. But I banged the door so hard that I nearly knocked the bell off, an when the postmaster frowned at me, I stick my fingers to my nose, just to show him that I had other places to go.

Gee, I'll have to go up for the mail tomorrow an I don't know what to do



"What was that last crack?"



THE GAY NINETIES

The Santa Claus myth, back in the candle-lit Nineties, was usually good up to that inevitable Christmas Eve when the tree caught fire and forced the Old Gentleman to abandon his rôle of Mysterious Benefactor for one of a more practical nature.

about it. Oh, speakin about trouble, I forgot to tell ya. Grandpa hurt his foot fearful an he can't go out. Sometimes I think he's glad cause he's so contentful when he can just sit an rock in the kitchen, an smoke an wonder when the next meal's comin. Grandma don't let him get off too easy though, cause once in a while he has to peel potatoes. When he begins to look like somethin in the zoo, Grandma calls in the barber. This mornin he was shavin Grandpa in the

kitchen when Grandma comes in. She says, "Tom Skinner, take that stove cloth off your neck."

When Grandma found out that it was the towel the barber brought with him, she suddenly thought of all the beds she had to make an ran upstairs.

Affectionately sincere,

Skippy

THE MOVIE INFLUENCE

SCHOOL-TEACHER: Johnnie Wilson, haven't you written your composition yet?

JOHNNIE: No, teacher, but I can whistle you the theme song.

HERBERT HOOVER says that prosperity progresses from the full dinner pail to the full garage. Yes, and from the full garage to the full parking-space.



The Young Man Who Had Just Said to His Sweetheart: "And Remember, Dear, Nothing Can Ever Come Between Us."



THE THEATRE



Old Wine

by
Robert
Bencbley

A plague of revivals usually descends when the theatres are empty of other attractions, but this season, cock-eyed to the last, has brought forth a whole week of them right in the middle of its busiest activity in other lines. It would serve them right if we passed over them entirely for bothering us when we had so much else to think of, but it so happens that one or two of the revivals are better than most of the new shows on the list.

"The Wild Duck," for example. It is unfair to look for anything as good as "The Wild Duck" in any season, for the chances are that it won't be written. We do not intend to make this department any more ridiculous than it already is by praising this play of Ibsen's with the fervor of a pioneer. Everyone who has ever seen "The Wild Duck" must have gone away with a bruise between the eyes where it hit him. It is the only play we have ever seen, or expect to see, where Comedy and Tragedy are fused into the same moment, where we laugh at *Ekdal* as he sits at the table compromising with his coffee and, at the same time, dread to hear the sound from the imitation hunting-preserve outside which will mean that little *Hedvig* has taken the expert's advice and shot "against the grain of the feathers." That fifth act of "The Wild Duck" is an act in a million (and we have seen only a few thousand acts) and, on seeing it for the third time the other evening, we again had to be asked to leave.



THE ACTORS' THEATRE is the organization which has given it to us in revival, as it did several years ago, and Blanche Yurka still plays *Gina*, which is as it should be. There is a new *Hedvig*, Miss Linda Watkins, and we doubt that a better one could have been found. The entire cast, as a matter of fact, including Dallas Anderson, Ralph Roeder and John Daly Murphy, help to make this revival a standard at which all the new dramas may aim, if they like, but with scant hope of success.

ANOTHER good play which has stood the test of time theatrically better than most of those by the same author is "Macbeth." This will always be good melodrama, and, next to "Hamlet," the best thing of Shakespeare's to see unless you happen to be a member of a high-school English class which *has* to see them all. The present production (now on the road) has the added advantage of scenery inspired, if not actually designed, by Gordon Craig (according to a frantic exchange of letters in the daily press, Douglas Ross seems to be responsible for the actual production), and, while there is a plethora of aimless stairways leading nowhere, apparently designed for messengers to fall down, the whole effect is pretty impressive.

Florence Reed makes *Lady Macbeth* just a bit more physically attractive than we generally think of Scotch dames as being, and, in the sleep-walking scene, has gone to Helen Menken's white-wash pot to the extent of resembling an equestrienne in the Barnum and Bailey living-picture groups (without the white horse), but it all goes toward making "Macbeth" a little more stimulating to the eye than heretofore. Lyn Harding's *Macbeth* is sufficiently dumb and heavy to uphold the best Scotch tradition.



ANOTHER revival which was in New York for only a few weeks and which is now on tour for the benefit of our out-of-town readers is "Redemption" (*geboren* "Der Lebende Leichnam," alias "The Living Corpse"). This is acted in German by the famous Moissi with an excellent cast of his countrymen and women. Even if you do not understand German it is worth seeing, for the program will tell you all about the comparatively simple story and you will hear the rich voice of Moissi (why is it that the best stage voices usually seem to be the result of a slight head-cold?) and will undoubtedly be as depressed as Tolstoy intended you to be at the outcome of it all.

Herr Moissi does not make *Fedja* quite so dashing a wreck as that of John Barrymore in the "Redemption" of old, but, for that reason, his degeneration is all the more pathetic. He is just a nice guy gone

wrong and one understands him better.

We were not so crazy about Reinhardt's lighting. One scene in particular was so effectively lighted that all you could see was the lights, just as in some of Gordon Craig's scenes all you can see is the stairs. This modern design is effective in many ways, but, after all, so long as actors are going to be on the stage at all, they might as well be seen.

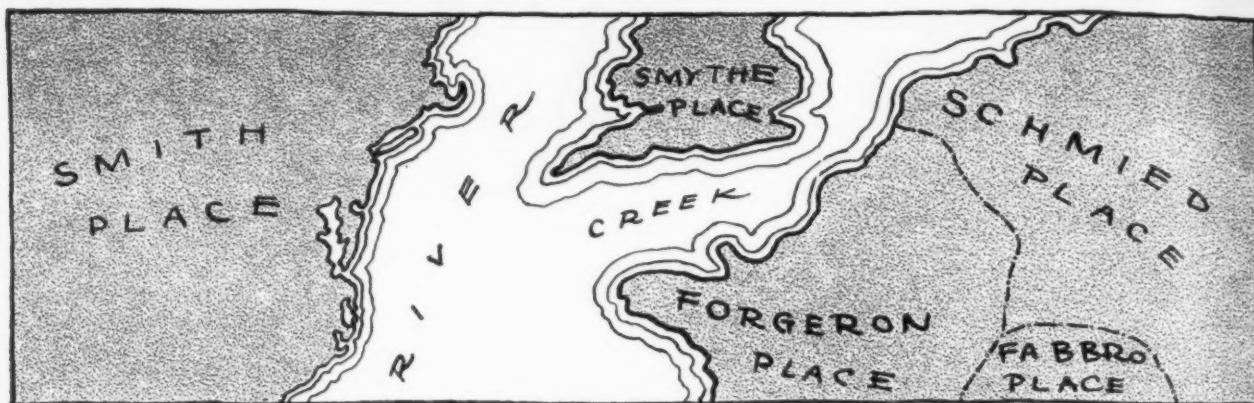


In "The Royal Box" the theatre-going public has a chance to see Walker Whiteside in white-face for the first time since he went Hindu, and, in tribute to his protean powers, we would never have known him as the suave Oriental who has for so long been balking the English and salving the ladies. Since "The Royal Box" is Charles Coghlan's old comedy, adapted from Alexandre Dumas' play, "Kean," and since *James Clarence* is supposed to be an actor of the Georgian period, we suppose that the rich ham quality in Mr. Whiteside's performance was legitimate. But we have a feeling that Mr. Whiteside loved it. Certainly he omitted nothing to make it genuine and, aside from Mr. Robert Halliday in "The New Moon," it is as good a museum-piece of the old school as can be found in town.

The play, with its landladies rushing in and out and its Princes of Wales and accompanying gentlemen swinging long sticks under their cloaks, is a veritable actors' delight, and we cannot grudge them its revival.

AFTER waking up those subscribers who had fallen asleep at "Faust" and forgotten to go home, the Theatre Guild played good and safe and revived Shaw's "Major Barbara" for its second bill. Very few people will fall asleep at "Major Barbara," although there may be stretches when its message sounds a little obvious, owing to its having been taken up by the best people since Shaw wrote it. Between wars the best people are always amenable to Shaw. It is only when a good war is in the offing that it becomes bad form to agree with him. Anybody can enjoy "Major Barbara" now, and not lose caste.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 30.



The Smith Family Outlaws War

by
Deems
Taylor

MY name's Smith, S-M-I-T-H. The spelling's important, for Lord knows there are enough members of our branch of the family as it is, without mixing us up with the others. Not that we're on bad terms with the rest, understand; as a matter of fact, the girls rather make it a point to go over every summer and kind of visit around. Only, things aren't the same as they were before the big family row—oh, yes, we had a family row. It didn't get into the papers much, because everybody was talking about the McCoy-Hatfield feud, down in Kentucky. Just the same, I often think ours was worse, because it was among relatives.

We Smiths didn't get into it right away. Living across the river the way we do, we've always been sort of left to ourselves. Busy working the farm, for one thing—and a mighty nice farm it is, if I do say so. Sometimes, of course, I wonder if we deserve all the credit for the money we've made; the land's so rich, I guess the others could have done pretty well on it, too, if only they'd had the gumption to move over this way. But then they didn't, and that's that.

But about the row. There's always been more or less squabbling among them. You know how it is, people living close together like that, and especially when they're all related and don't have to be polite. There were the Smythes—they're really our closest kin (as a matter of fact, Dad was born on the Smythe place, and ran away from home when he was a kid). Then there were the Schmied Brothers—Big Schmied and Little Schmied, we used to call them; and the Forgerons and the Fabbros, who were cousins. Just what all the trouble was about nobody ever seemed to know. Of

course there had been a lot of landgrabbing in the past, which caused a good deal of hard feeling; and the Smythes ran a general store, and so did the Schmieds, and what with customers being scarce, and too many mouths to feed, and both cutting prices, things weren't any too pleasant in *that* quarter.

The rumpus started over some little thing—I forget exactly what. Something about a pet goat of Little Schmied's that got killed by a stray dog. Anyway, before long they were all calling names, and in no time there were Big Schmied and Little Schmied mixing it up with the Forgerons, and the Smythes. Then old

man Fabbro and his boys got in it, and by golly, pretty soon, damned if *we* weren't in it—why, I don't recollect—the lot of us biting and clawing and raising general heli all over the Forgerons' front yard.

Of course, we finally licked the Schmieds. And believe me, brother, they were a mess! Still, I can't say the rest of us were much better off. The Forgeron place was a wreck. Fabbro came out all over red spots—malnutrition it was—and nearly passed out. And the Smythes had lost a lot of customers and had run up a terrible heap of bills. I had a nasty black eye, myself. (Please turn to page 42)



MOTHER'S VOICE (from the next room): What are you doing at the piano, darling?
DARLING: I'm making it into a flute.



FAMILY PRIDE

His great-grandfather was a Chow, he said;
His great-grandmother was a Setter,—red;
His grandsire was an Airedale, far-renowned,
His father was a famous Beagle Hound.
Those pampered Pekes and Poms might have their jokes,
But anyhow he came from Decent Folks!

Arthur Guiterman.



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

VOLUME 92

December 14, 1928

NUMBER 2406

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Mr. Hoover's inauguration is still fairly remote, but already some of the victors are demanding

the spoils. The President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, addressing a convention of her laborers against the vineyard, lately renewed a proposal that was much discussed in 1920, when Prohibition was new and prohibitionists were full of millennial illusions,—the abolition of the diplomatic privilege which permits the ambassadors and ministers of foreign powers to import liquor for their own use. This, says the lady, is productive of great harm, because it amounts to the maintenance of "foreign social standards" in our moral midst.

Now whether she is right or wrong about the harm produced, her attitude is entirely justified by the late election. That was essentially a vote for the maintenance of the current American standards, social, moral, and economic; a declaration by the majority of the people that the way we have been doing things is in our opinion the right way, and the way we mean to go on doing them. It does not seem likely that Mr. Hoover will be so imprudent as to attempt to do away with this diplomatic privilege, which is not only a point of international comity but a valuable lubrication of the Washington social system. But the W. C. T. U. pronunciamento is a warning that the prohibitionists who helped Hoover to victory will expect him, when the time comes, to help them.

In a more realistically minded nation that might mean incalculable trouble for Mr. Hoover. For he was raised to the White House (as the Abbé Ernest Dimnet wrote in one of the British weeklies) by a wave

which he did not cause, as a whale is sometimes lifted up to an unexpectedly dry place on shore. And, to continue a play on words which Father Dimnet probably did not intend, he must keep the place dry in order to keep the wave anywhere near him. Now that will not be so easy. What is called Prohibition enforcement already costs the Federal Government some thirty million dollars a year, besides what is spent on it by many of the states; and as everybody knows, whatever else we may get for the money, we do not get much enforcement of the Volstead Act. Seriously to enforce that law would cost a tremendous amount of money; and in proportion as enforcement attained anything like success it would make the administration more and more unpopular, in regions which are heartily in favor of enforcement somewhere else.

But, fortunately for Mr. Hoover, the American people is accustomed to using words to conceal a meaning; or rather to regard the word as all-sufficient, and to neglect any serious effort to read a meaning into it. Prohibition was only a secondary issue in the late election, or rather it was a secondary element in the psychological complex which became the sole issue. But in so far as that election was a trial of strength between wets and dries no candid person, whatever his own preference, can deny that the verdict was for Prohibition. Only, it was for the kind of prohibition that we have now. If there was no mandate for modification, there was equally no mandate for a more intensive enforcement. A nation which is used to drinking wet and voting dry registered its opinion that however illogical it may seem to drink wet and vote dry, that is the way Americans see fit to conduct their business.

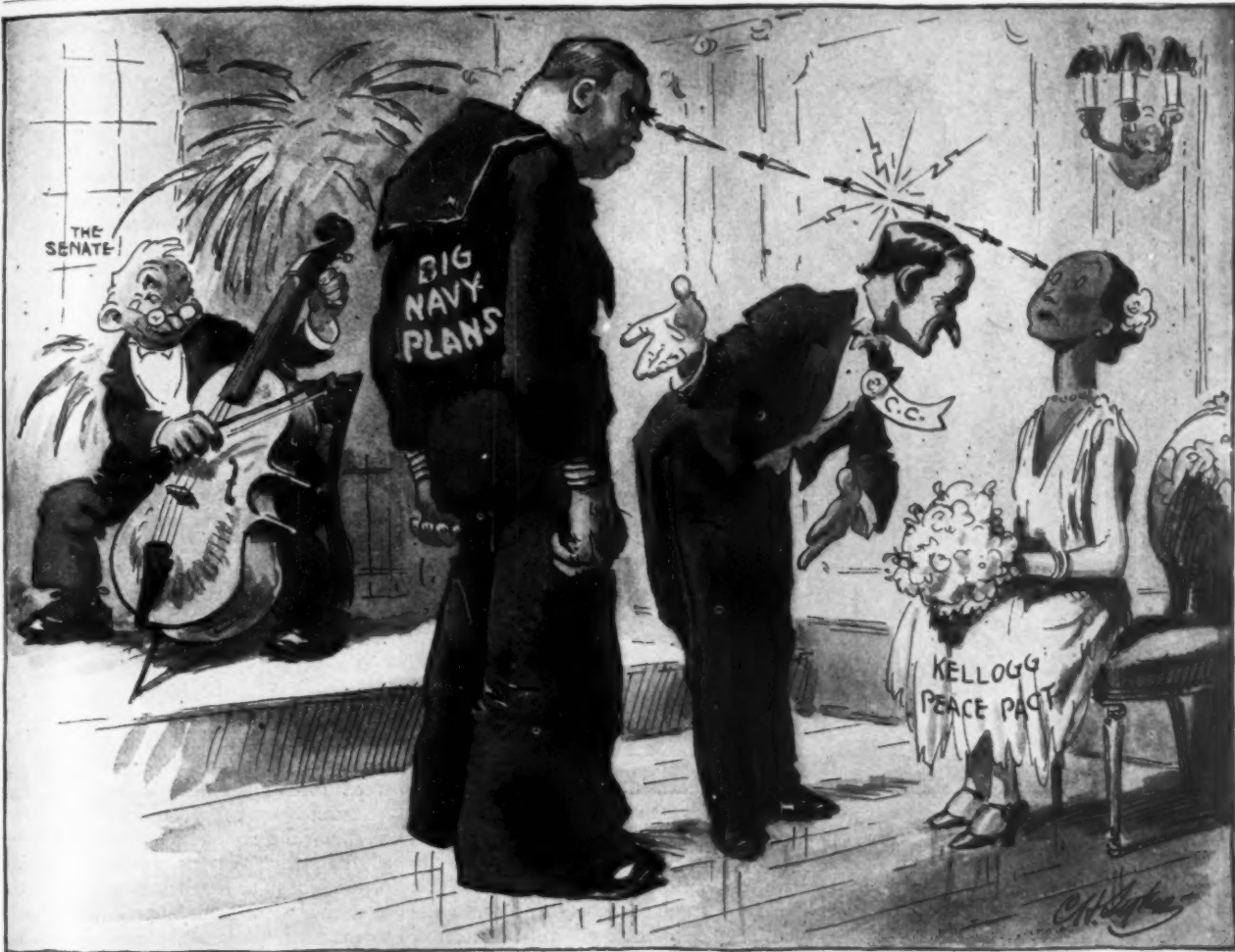
Professor Raymond Pearl in the current *Mercury* sets forth the theory that the

"societal psychology" of the American people demands both Prohibition laws and a supply of liquor. This had been suspected heretofore, by people who relied only on empirical reasoning; but Professor Pearl, with graphs, curves, and charts, gives the doctrine the sanction of scientific respectability. As a nation, we want to be theoretically dry and practically wet; which makes Mr. Hoover's task a great deal easier. It is probable that the prohibitionists will expect him to make some gesture; but fortunately he can very easily make a gesture that will satisfy all the dries, and annoy only a small number of his own partisans. The way has been pointed out already by the zealous Mrs. Willebrandt, in her raids on New York night clubs on the night of Al Smith's nomination. If Mr. Hoover will let enforcement in the rest of the country go on as it has gone heretofore, and concentrate furiously on the drying up of New York City, he will be acclaimed through all the rest of the United States as the greatest law enforcer of all time.



It may be argued that this is to impute to Mr. Hoover the possibility of unethical behavior, of which he is incapable. But what sort of behavior, after all, is unethical? In a nation which is, when it chooses to be (as it did last month), a democracy, and which though still nominally Christian has pretty well rejected all supernatural sanctions for conduct, morality may be regarded as a matter to be settled by a majority vote. The American loves virtue, says Katharine Fullerton Gerould, and is willing to use the most unethical means to attain it.

So there is nothing wrong, by the national morality which has been reaffirmed by the election of 1928, in drinking wet and voting dry; there would be nothing unethical about concentrating the activities of the Prohibition Enforcement Bureau on New York City, which not only drinks wet but votes wet and thereby violates the national ideal of propriety. A good deal of loose thinking would be cleared up if it were once understood that the American national faith carries with it, inevitably, a national standard of ethics. Consider Senator Borah's quixotic endeavor to raise a "conscience fund" to repay the \$160,000 which Harry Sinclair gave the Republican National Committee in 1920. After several months of effort,



What Could Be Sweeter?

conscientious Republicans had given Mr. Borah only some \$8,000 to make up for whatever was done wrong in the election of 1920, while they were contributing several millions to make sure that the election of 1928 was done right.

Mr. Borah was simply out of touch with popular sentiment. It has been amply demonstrated that to the general notion there is nothing unethical about a political party's receiving donations from such a man as Mr. Sinclair; and the jury verdicts in the Fall, Sinclair, and Doheny cases suggest that to the general notion there is nothing unethical about what these gentlemen did afterward. We shall all be better off if we think clearly about these matters, and thus give Mr. Hoover a chance to begin his administration without being hampered by irrelevancies.

SOME months ago, something faintly derogatory was said on this page about people who buy a stock that has never

paid dividends at 150, in the hope that they may eventually sell it for 250. Since the stock which inspired this comment has lately approached 400, apologies are hereby tendered for such a short-sighted and un-American utterance.

Elmer Davis.

— Life Lines —

BOB INGERSOLL is credited with: "When Texas goes Republican, Hell will go Methodist." Has any authentic report been received from the latter region verifying this prophetic statement?

—JL—

"By mistake I said not responsible for my wife's debts.—MATT ARMBRUSTER."

—New Orleans Item.

It's all right, Matt. We understand perfectly.

—JL—

MR. HOOVER has announced that he will never neglect to seek divine guid-

ance. We earnestly hope this doesn't mean that our next President is going to get his commandments direct from Moses.

—JL—

"Lost—Black satin dress, trimmed in pink, between Mrs. E. J. Munger and Sam Stone on Tinker Bell Road."—Roanoke (Va.) Times.

Both of them must have been looking the other way at the time.

—JL—

A NEWSPAPER item says that Philadelphia now has women taxi-drivers. Front or back seat?

—JL—

"Trip to Mars (Ride), seats twenty-four adults, good front, ticket box, all complete, ready to run; a bargain, two hundred dollars cash takes it."—Advertisement in The Billboard.

It's too expensive. We'd rather go to Niagara Falls.

—JL—

It is conceded that what defeated Al Smith in the last election was a combination of Rum, Romanism and Raddio.



FIT TO BE TIED



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

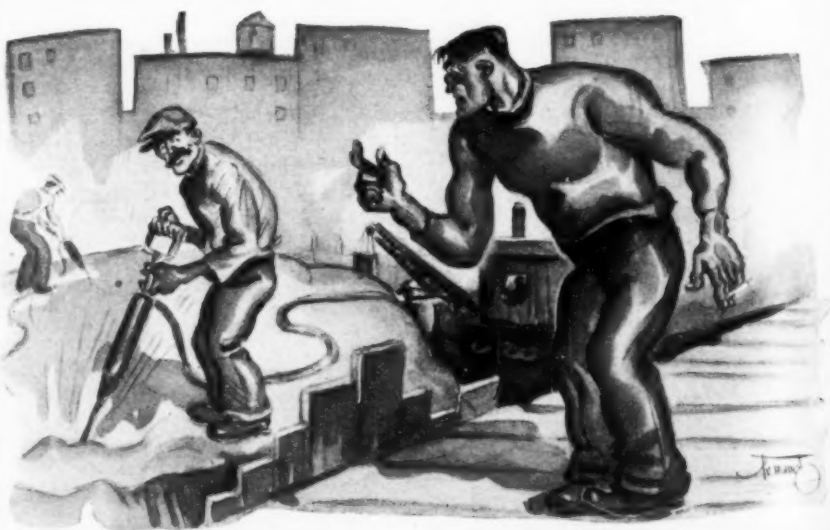
by
Baird
Leonard

NOVEMBER 20—My husband, poor wretch, who has for the past two days shut himself in a room at an inn to get out of the traffic, as he says, and cure what he calls a cold, a-bawling at me over the telephone to join him and ease his convalescence, so I did finally pack a portmanteau and set forth, somewhat fearful that my arrival in such circumstances might cast suspicion on the legality of our union, but Lord! I had no sooner entered the door than he did ask me to fee the bell-boy forasmuch as he had no change himself, and I knew there could then be no possible doubt in the mind of the management. A pleasant idea, too, to be thus safe from interruption in the very heart of the town, just as John Milton was amongst the Puritans but not of them. Fortunately I have saved from my childhood the excitement of eating in a hotel room, very pleasant when the waiters have forgotten nothing, but what most

delighted me was the ice-cold water which flowed from a special tap on the basin, so that we need not be on the constant *qui vive* for twenty-five-cent pieces. Indeed, all would have been idyllic had not Sam been troubled because he could not identify the likeness of a portrait over his bed to one of his acquaintances, until his perplexity might have defeated the very purpose of our migration had I not

turned the picture towards the wall, singing the old song the while. So reading in Michael Arlen's "Lily Christine," in which he has gone completely pure, even to the extent of having the heroine wear spectacles, but I should dislike to think him right in his assertions that her occasional donning of them added to her lure and brought her instantaneous offers of marriage, for if he be, I have been allowing my vanity to cheat me all these years, and should by this time have acquired three or four spouses instead of only one. A fine dinner of chicken gumbo, larded tenderloin, stuffed tomatoes, creamed potatoes and pineapple ice, and so, after a few games of Miss Milliken's, to an early bed.

NOVEMBER 21—Lay very late, pondering this and that, in especial how the basis of humor is incongruity, and how nothing can be more incongruous than flies in late November, yet I could derive not an atom of amusement from the fly which was keeping me from slumber, but I do fear my syllogistic powers are not as strong as they should be. Then to the public prints, reading how so-and-so was a member of the late Czar's household, and I do feel that if all persons so reputed were assembled, they would overflow Madison Square Garden. I do also marvel how anyone in such a terrible disaster as that of the "Vestris" could stop to take pictures of it or manage to preserve them after they were taken. Lord! it does seem to me that never again shall I so much as set foot on a ferryboat without making inquiries as to the whereabouts of the life-belts. On the telephone with Marge



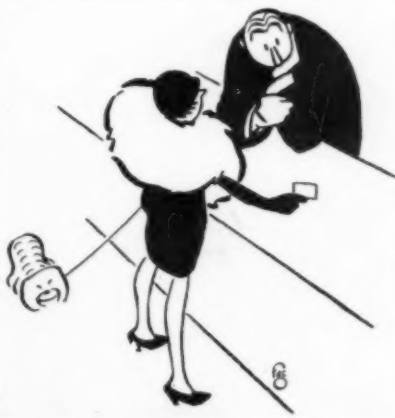
"Hey! Come over here with that, will ya? I got a itch in the small of me back."



"Daddy, will you give me a nickel, please, if I'm good and don't ask for it?"

Boothby, to get her to attend to one or two matters of vital import, and she so a-twitter over where we had gone to Get Away From It All that she did demand to lunch with us instantler, so she came, and did tell us how she planned to get even with one of her cousins this Christmas by sending her some bath salts, forasmuch as last year this kinswoman had written her that she had meant to give her an antique, but, being doubtful of her taste, was sending her something which she could surely use, and when Marge opened the package it did reveal six cakes of soap. The rest of the day spent over periodicals and embroidery, a lovely life for a time, methinks, and when, beginning Emanie Sachs's "The Terrible Siren," I did say to Sam, "Just think! Here is a book about a woman who always did exactly as she pleased!" he did first guffaw in an unseemly fashion and then ask me if I had wrote it, so when the dinner card came, I did choose nought but what took forty minutes and cost three dollars.

THERE never was a seasick passenger on a stormy sea who did not think that an SOS should be sent out.



GIRL: Do you make life-size enlargements from snapshots?

PHOTOGRAPHER: That's our specialty, miss.

GIRL: Fine. Here's a picture I took of the Grand Canyon.

Places I Can Never Find

THE PLACE where I left off in my detective story.

The marvelous spot I couldn't miss if I followed the Mortons' directions where they had their wonderful picnic.

The little inn that serves such a perfect lunch for sixty-five cents just outside Spencer, Mass.

The old swimming-hole.

The place where they serve absolutely nothing but genuine simon-pure pre-war.

The place where I left my rubbers.

The place where my wife put them.

A place that doesn't smell of carbon monoxide.

Baron Ireland.

WHAT seems to be a new mark in prudence has been achieved by an Indiana lady who, wishing to mail a small remittance to Sears-Roebuck, asked an information editor for the exact street address in Chicago.



LIBRARIAN: Adventure? How about something by Jules Verne?
 YOUNG INTELLECTUAL: Is it the unexpurgated French edition?

After the Millennium

(Indicating what a changed world it would be if a few of the older clichés were fitted out with new adjectives, etc.)

A WHOLLY-BAKED radical
 The heavy fantastic
 A July bride
 The active rich
 Hart, Schaffner & Callahan

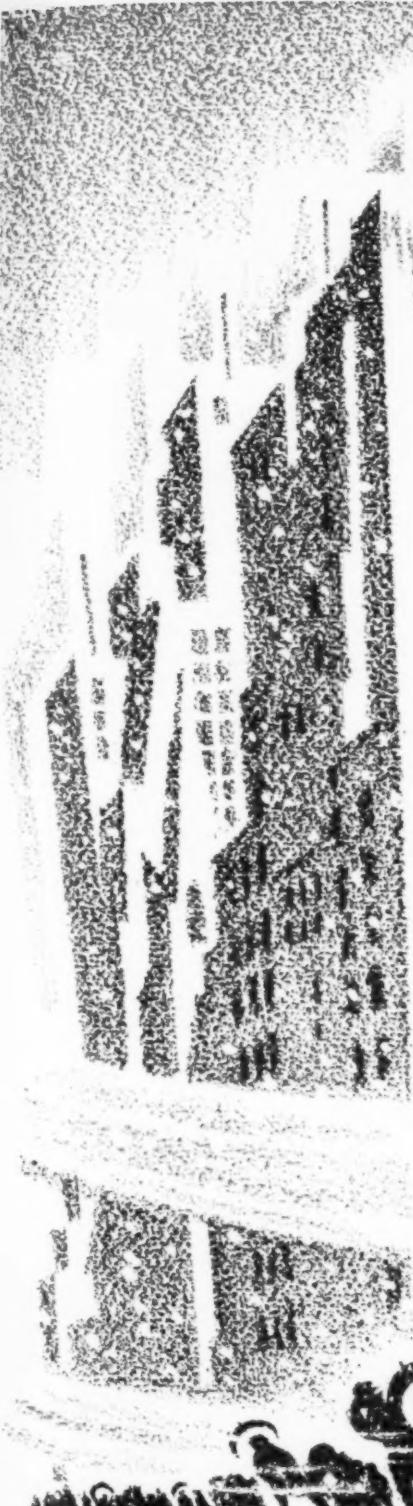
A low-powered motor car
 Large Old New York
 An unexpectant mother
 A cold tamale
 Father Machree
 Lusterless Burgundy
 Northern chivalry
 A strong sister
 Mr. Willebrandt
 The thick Italian hand

New-fashioned strawberry shortcake
 The immature gray mare
 Deflated bondholders
 Spaniel tenacity
 The original Harrisburg cast
 The refreshed business man
 A tin-edged security
 The warm, pink dawn of the morning
 after
 Lessa Garbo.

H. V. W.



THE MOVIE STAR PLAYS GOLF



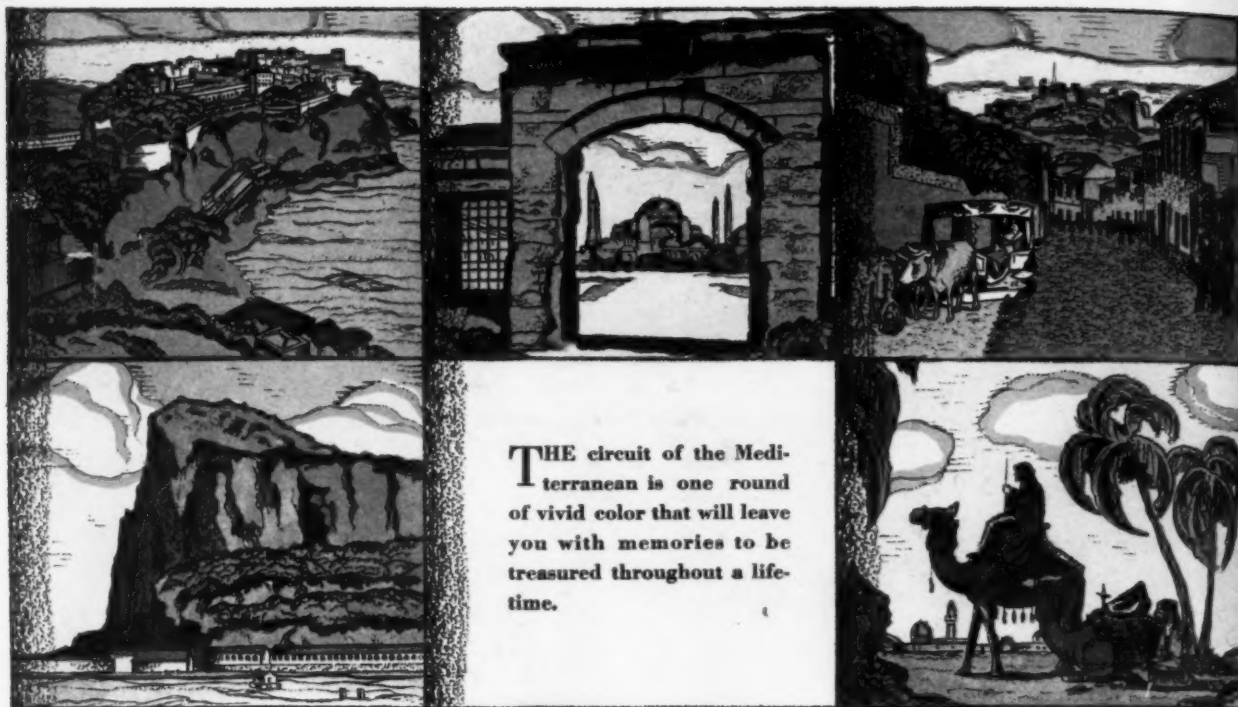
Of
course you
CAN put
on goloshes
and play
ESKIMO

but



—there's a better way





THE circuit of the Mediterranean is one round of vivid color that will leave you with memories to be treasured throughout a lifetime.

SAIL AWAY TO GORGEOUS SUN-BATHED CLIMES ~ LET WINTER STORM BEHIND YOU

A million dollars worth of travel pleasure for only \$695

MEDITERRANEAN • CRUISES DE LUXE

When the mercury goes sliding down and the hungry furnace calls for coal—that's the time to think about lolling on the deck of a palatial White Star Liner bound for the Mediterranean. It's the time to store up your troubles behind and see the sights in the fascinating lands that fringe this historic inland ocean. It will be winter when you go aboard in New York—gracious summer when you land in flower-scented Madeira. 46 days of luxury afloat—and the best of times ashore. Gibraltar—Algiers—the gaming tables of Monte Carlo—Nice—Naples—Athens—Jerusalem—Nazareth—Egypt! Think of seeing these glam-

orous places with your own eyes! The itinerary has been made elastic in order to permit you to tarry in places you favor specially. Always, it is possible to proceed on your trip by the next White Star steamer—and you have the choice of returning to America from a north European port. Your home during this memorable cruise is a magnificent liner offering every luxury associated with ocean travel. Prices are attractively moderate—\$695 (up), all expenses included. Four separate cruises de luxe, as follows:—

S. S. ADRIATIC	Jan. 10 and Feb. 28
S. S. LAURENTIC	Jan. 19 and March 9

WHITE STAR LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

Let us send you descriptive literature. Apply Cruise Department, No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere, or to any authorized steamship agent.

23

Have you 11 days to play? or 16 or 17 or 22?
These Cruises will suit the busiest person

WEST INDIES & MEXICO CRUISES

What if you can spare but eleven days for play and recreation, this winter? You can crowd a lot of ocean mileage and vivid sight-seeing into eleven days and enjoy a glorious vacation in tropical American waters. If you can command 22 days—or perhaps 16 or 17—so much the better. The Red Star Line offers you a choice of four cruises de luxe and a wide choice of carefully planned itineraries. You can take in Bermuda, a bit of delightfully foreign soil. You can see Mexico City and scrape acquaintance with its interesting and hospitable people. You can get a taste of carefree, sparkling Havana and see the Panama Canal, the world's premier

engineering triumph, planned and built by Americans. Think of buying a Panama hat in Panama City—of inspecting the picturesque ruins of Old Panama! They date from the Spanish occupation of the Sixteenth Century. Choose your trip and sail away to a new world of sunshine, warmth and gorgeous colors on the greatliner *Lapland*, the ship with the luxurious appointments and the club-like atmosphere.

S. S. LAPLAND

Sailing from New York

Jan. 31 (22 days)

Feb. 25 (16 days)

Mar. 16 (17 days)

Apr. 6 (11 days)

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Let us send you descriptive literature. Apply Cruise Department, No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere, or to any authorized steamship agent.



High spots ON THE HISTORIC MEDITERRANEAN in 46 happy days

PORTS	ADRIATIC		LAURENTIC		ADRIATIC		LAURENTIC		
	Leave	Arrive Leave	Arrive Leave	Arrive Leave	Arrive Leave	Arrive Leave	Arrive Leave		
New York		Jan. 10		Jan. 19		Feb. 28		Mar. 9	
Boston			Jan. 20	Jan. 20			Mar. 10	Mar. 10	
MADEIRA	Funchal	Jan. 18	Jan. 18	Jan. 27	Jan. 27	Mar. 8	Mar. 8	Mar. 17	Mar. 17
GIBRALTAR & SPAIN	Gibraltar and Algeciras	Jan. 20	Jan. 20	Jan. 29	Jan. 29	Mar. 10	Mar. 10	Mar. 19	Mar. 19
ALGERIA	Algiers	Jan. 22	Jan. 22	Jan. 31	Jan. 31	Mar. 12	Mar. 12	Mar. 21	Mar. 21
THE FRENCH RIVIERA	Monaco for Nice and Riviera	Jan. 24	Jan. 25	Feb. 2	Feb. 3	Mar. 14	Mar. 15	Mar. 23	Mar. 24
ITALY	Naples	Jan. 26	Jan. 26	Feb. 4	Feb. 4	Mar. 16	Mar. 16	Mar. 25	Mar. 25
GREECE	Phaleron Bay for Athens	Jan. 28	Jan. 28	Feb. 6	Feb. 6	Mar. 18	Mar. 18	Mar. 27	Mar. 27
(Daylight Passage of Dardanelles)									
TURKEY	Constantinople	Jan. 29	Jan. 30	Feb. 7	Feb. 8	Mar. 19	Mar. 20	Mar. 28	Mar. 29
PALESTINE	Haifa for Jerusalem & Holy Land	Feb. 2	Feb. 2	Feb. 11	Feb. 11	Mar. 23	Mar. 23	Apr. 1	Apr. 1
EGYPT	Alexandria for Cairo and the Nile	Feb. 3	Feb. 8	Feb. 12	Feb. 17	Mar. 24	Mar. 29	Apr. 2	Apr. 7
SICILY	Syracuse	Feb. 10	Feb. 10	Feb. 19	Feb. 19	Mar. 31	Mar. 31	Apr. 9	Apr. 9
ITALY	Naples	Feb. 11	Feb. 13	Feb. 20	Feb. 22	Apr. 1	Apr. 3	Apr. 10	Apr. 12
.	Monaco	Feb. 14	Feb. 14	Feb. 23	Feb. 23	Apr. 4	Apr. 4	Apr. 13	Apr. 13
.	Gibraltar	Feb. 16	Feb. 16	Feb. 25	Feb. 25	Apr. 6	Apr. 6	Apr. 15	Apr. 15
CHERBOURG									
.	New York	Feb. 25		Mar. 6		Apr. 15		Apr. 18	Apr. 18
SOUTHAMPTON									
Apr. 19									

4 delightful Cruises to the WEST INDIES

CRUISE 1 . . . Cruise to Mexico Leave New York January 31, Midnight

Arrive Nassau, February 3	Leave February 4
Arrive Kingston, February 6	Leave February 6
Arrive Colon, February 8	Leave February 8
Arrive Vera Cruz, February 12	Leave February 15
Arrive Havana, February 18	Leave February 18
Arrive New York, February 21	

22 Days—Rates \$250 up

CRUISE 3 . . . Easter in Bermuda Leave New York March 16, Noon

Arrive Nassau, March 19	Leave March 20
Arrive Havana, March 21	Leave March 22
Arrive Kingston, March 24	Leave March 25
Arrive San Juan, March 27	Leave March 27
Arrive Bermuda, March 30	Leave March 31
Arrive New York, April 2	

17 Days—Rates \$200 up

CRUISE 2 . . . The Circle of Beauty Leave New York February 25, Noon

Arrive Bermuda, February 27	Leave February 28
Arrive San Juan, March 3	Leave March 3
Arrive Kingston, March 5	Leave March 6
Arrive Havana, March 8	Leave March 9
Arrive New York, March 12	

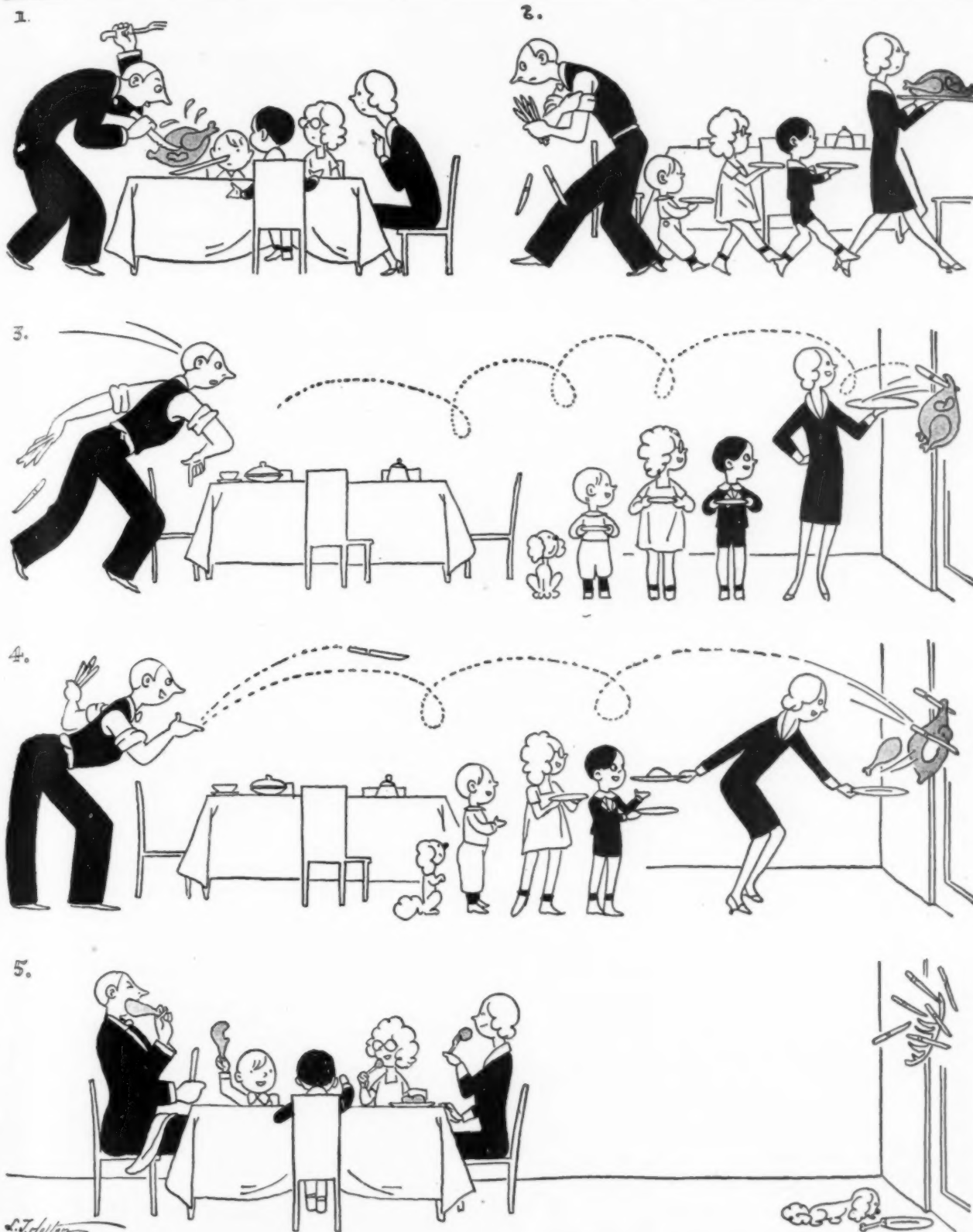
16 Days—Rates \$200 up

CRUISE 4 . . . Short Spring Cruise Leave New York April 6, 1 p. m.

Arrive Bermuda, April 8	Leave April 8
Arrive Havana, April 11	Leave April 12
Arrive Nassau, April 13	Leave April 14
Arrive New York, April 17	

11 Days—Rates \$150 up

These bare itineraries give but a meager picture of these fascinating cruises. A request to our Cruise Dept. at No. 1 Broadway, New York, will bring you the full story. Or apply to our offices in other principal cities or authorized agents.



Off-Stage with Famous Vaudevillians
The Knife Thrower Carves a Turkey



REHEARSAL

"Now, we'll run through this act once more—an' the next time, when you get your head in his mouth, I want you to look out at the crowd and *wink*."

More Light on the Subject

GASOLINE at the refinery sells for 12 cents a gallon.

In tank-car lots the wholesaler pays 14 cents.

The filling-station proprietor buys it for 18 cents a gallon at tank-wagon prices.

The motorist pays from 20 cents a gallon up for his gas.

The operator of a cigarette lighter, when he hands over two bits for a can of lighter fluid, is paying for his gas at the rate of \$6.40 a gallon.

Bill Sykes.

EQUITY

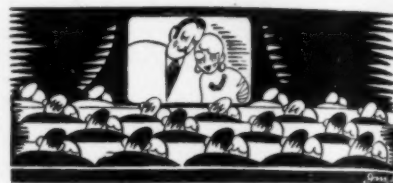
AFTER terrific struggles, the freshman finally finished his examination paper, and then, at the end, wrote: "Dear Professor—If you sell any of my answers to the funny papers, I expect you to split fifty-fifty with me."

"If you were cast away on a desert island, what book would you most want to have with you?"

"Swimming for Beginners."



December 24—



THE MOVIES

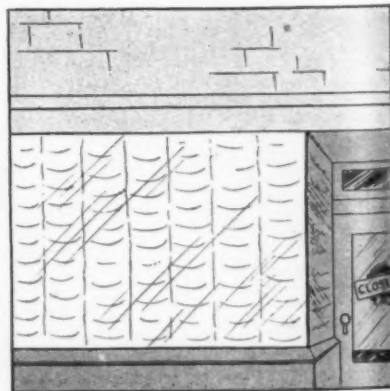
"Marching On"

by
R. E.
Sherwood

THOSE who know Chic Sale are acutely aware that he is one of the greatest and most faithful of comedians — that his impersonations of various native specimens are so funny because they are so unassailably true; but those who know the talkies, as they have progressed to date, will be amazed to observe that this new infant art has suddenly seemed to grow up in "Marching On."

The Movietone functions perfectly this time. It brings out all the superb quality of Mr. Sale's characterization of the Civil War veteran who knew Lincoln. It follows him about, like the roving camera of F. W. Murnau, upstairs and down, through streets at night (with dogs barking in the distance), through a parade (with a village band, wheezing and booming); it records every false note of his battered "tuby"; it jumps from one scene to another without uttering any squawky protests.

Being one who invariably weeps when shown a news-reel picture of the Lincoln Memorial, with "John Brown's Body" as accompaniment, I naturally found "Marching On" overwhelmingly tearful; so perhaps you should pay no attention to me when I advise you to see this fine picture by all means and at all costs. But



December 25—



BRINGING HOME THE YULE LOG

I still give you that advice, and I'll bet anything that you'll cry, too.

"Interference"

THERE is no cause for tears in "Interference." There is no cause for vulgar emotional displays of any kind. You will

not hate it, nor will you love it; you will not be bored by it, and you most certainly will not be thrilled by it.

It is just a supremely polite, well-bred English drawing-room melodrama, in which a gentleman murders a lady (in a nice way), to save from scandal the fair name of his former wife, who now happens to be the consort of that distinguished surgeon, *Sir John Marlay*.

"Interference" is carefully written, and flawlessly played (with all the dialogue recorded) by William Powell, Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook and Doris Kenyon. All of them, particularly Mr. Powell and Miss Brent, talk extremely well—although Miss Brent's heroic efforts to simulate a London accent are not always entirely successful.

"Napoleon's Barber"

HERE we have another all-talking film, and a particularly interesting one in that it brings historical costume drama for the first time to the noisy screen. Thanks largely to John Ford, the director, "Na-

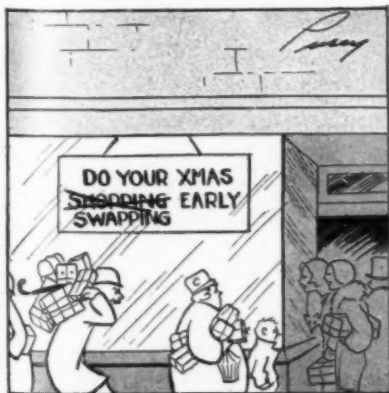
poleon's Barber" is an effective picture of France under the Empire; it gives us a definite and forceful impression of the Little Corporal and of the power that was his.

"Napoleon's Barber" is an adaptation of Arthur Caesar's excellent play, and its only fault lies in the occasional sententiousness of its dialogue. Otto Matiesen, as *Napoleon*, is compelled to utter too many Napoleonic bromides about destiny, life, death, etc. Like *Hamlet*, he is too darned full of familiar quotations.

The tense dramatic interest of Mr. Caesar's play comes through unimpaired, and the picture ends with a grand punch when Napoleon, riding forth from the village where he has paused to execute a traitor and to get a shave, turns to a staff officer and asks, "What is that little hill near Brussels?" "It is called Waterloo, Sire," is the reply. "Forward!" says Napoleon Bonaparte, and forward it is.

R. E. Sherwood.

A Confidential Guide to current movies will be found on page 30



December 26



MAID: Shall I put the curtain down, miss?
 MOVIE STAR: Certainly *not*, I owe something to my public.

Celebrities

"Ps-st—who's that stunner sitting over there at the corner table?"

"That's Peggy Joist—you know, the dame who married seven husbands."

"Yeah? And who's the classy-lookin' guy at the next table?—I mean the guy writing on the tablecloth."

"That's Walton Winship, the newspaper guy who writes all about Broadway night clubs."

"That so? And who's the Italian count at the table next to his?"

"He ain't no count! That's a club detective—and there's three or four more scattered around, so watch your step—them babies do all the bouncing."

"Oh, I'm okay. Are there any unusual persons here tonight? I mean the kind that make whoopee in a big way?"

"D'ya see that guy over there—with the gang of girls around him?"

"Sure—who is he?"

"I dunno—but he's the guy that supports this place. He's the only one here who's spending any money!"

D. L. Cotie.

THE NEWSPAPERS have stopped printing news about that Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving at Christmas. They were receiving too many complaints from their advertisers.

The All-American Racket

by
 John
 Kieran

TIME was when the picking of an All-American football team made only Yale, Harvard and Princeton men sore. Now it infuriates everybody. The demand for All-American selections twenty years ago was so moderate that one man, picking one team, easily supplied the trade. Now everyone who can pound a typewriter or borrow a pencil stub picks two or three All-American teams. One reason for the "spares" is that the first team offered in evidence by any picker is usually torn to pieces and cast into exterior darkness by rival pickers and critics.

There's another notable change. The late Walter Camp used to pick his All-American team by sight. He watched the boys in action and graded them on what he saw them do. Charming simplicity! Almost Mid-Victorian. The picking is done almost entirely by ear now. The great heroes of the gridiron are nominated largely on information and belief acquired through hearsay evidence, which is barred in any court of law. The future is brighter still. With the improvement of the radio and television, there will be no need to go to the games at all.

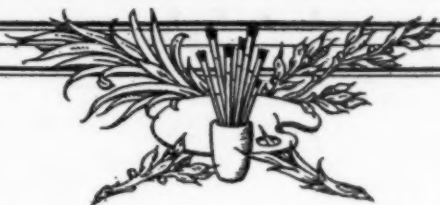
In the meanwhile, there are the current All-American teams. Observe them. Study them. To be a real All-American, a team must have guards, tackles and backs from all sections of the country. How could any critic get more than a brief glimpse at (Please turn to page 37)

"WHAT a perfectly hideous bathing suit Alice has on!"

"Yes, something ought to be undone about it."



"Believe me, if what this says is true, I'm going to quit repressin' my desires from now on."



THE NEW FLEETWOODS

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For those who desire a motor car expressing their own tastes and individuality, the Fleetwood Body Corporation has collaborated with the Cadillac Motor Car Company in interpreting in the new Fleetwood-Cadillacs and Fleetwood-La Salles the very ultimate in luxurious coachcraft.

Style—"the invariable mark of any master," individuality of appeal and perfect craftsmanship, these have long constituted an ideal and a tradition with Fleetwood. They are in very fact symbolized by the name Fleetwood.

Three generations of coach-crafters passed this ideal and this tradition to the present Fleetwood Body Corporation which has, since, uninterruptedly specialized in the production of custom-built bodies precisely interpreting owners' peculiar artistic perception and preference.

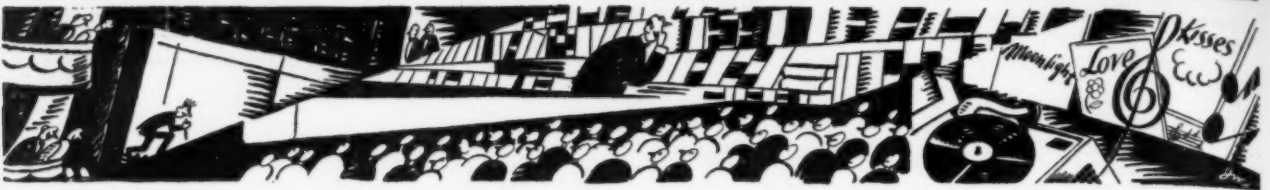
As in the days of Early American coachcraft, Fleetwood's successors to those Eighteenth Century artisans with their Old World traditions of craftsmanship, still produce the highest quality work, today specifically destined for those fields of motoring service where style factors—beauty, charm of contour, perfection of proportions, luxurious appointment—are paramount.

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CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

The Theatre

More or Less Serious

The Age of Innocence, Empire—With Katharine Cornell, Rolio Peters, Isabel Irving and others. Adapted from the Edith Wharton novel. To be reviewed later.

Back Here, Klaw—A melodrama. To be reviewed later.

Congal, Sam H. Harris—With Helen Menken. Felix Krembs and others. To be reviewed later.

Diamond Lil, Royale—Mae West in one of her chaster moods, but still pretty cheap.

Exceeding Small, Comedy—Rather heart-breaking account of the tough breaks which came to a newly-married couple. Very well done.

The Grey Fox, Playhouse—Henry Hull as Machiavelli in a historical drama of the Borgias, with Chrystal Herne making things unpleasant for the hero.

Jarnegan, Longacre—Raucous inside dope on Hollywood, giving Richard Bennett a chance to get very cross.

Jealousy, Maxine Elliott—Intensive family trouble carried on by a cast of two very skilful people: Fay Bainter and John Halliday.

The Sacred Flame, Henry Miller's—Maugham's new play about a new kind of mother, talky but effective. Clare Eames heads the cast.

The Squealer, Forrest—Does not kid itself into thinking it is anything but old-fashioned, rip-snorting melodrama, this time about dope-peddling.

Strange Interlude, John Golden—Eugene O'Neill's successful attempt to make a good drama twice as long as it needs to be.

Sun Up, Lucille La Verne—Miss La Verne in a revival of her favorite rôle, and just as good as ever.

Tin Pan Alley, Billmore—Just about the same as most of those things about the Broadway night-racket, except that Claudette Colbert is in it.

The War Song, National—Duck soup for George Jessel and his large public. Here he is the boy who didn't want to go to war.

The Wild Duck, Fortv-Ninth St.—A drama which should be kept constantly running, and with pretty near the present cast.

Comedy and Things Like That

Courage, Ritz—Too many stage children for our liking, but also Janet Beecher.

Crashing Through, Republic—Rather unimportant satire on society.

The Front Page, Times Square—A hectic evening with Chicago reporters and their friends, the crooks and police. Still the hit of the year.

Gentlemen of the Press, Forty-Eighth St.—Good, legitimate newspaper comedy, with many entertaining features.

The High Road, Fulton—Edna Best, Herbert Marshall and Frederick Kerr making a good enough British play seem even better.

Holiday, Plymouth—Philip Barry's new play, with Hope Williams, Donald Ogden Stewart and others. To be reviewed later.

The Jealous Moon, Majestic—Jane Cowl very lovely in another one about Pierrot and Columbine.

The Lady Lies, Little—To be reviewed later.

Little Accident, Morosco—Very amusing troubles incident to having a baby before you are married.

Major Barbara, Guild—Reviewed in this issue.

Mima, Belasco—Lenore Ulric, Sidney Blackmer and others. To be reviewed later.

A Most Immoral Lady, Cort—With Alice Brady. To be reviewed later.

Night Hostess, Vanderbilt—One of the best of the many night-club plays.

Paris, Music Box—Irene Bordoni, the "Commanders" and Cole Porter's tunes making an old farce new.

The Perfect Alibi, Charles Hopkins—To be reviewed later.

A Play Without a Name, Booth—With Peggy Wood, Kenneth MacKenna, Katherine Wilson and others. To be reviewed later.

The Royal Box, Belmont—Reviewed in this issue.

Skidding, Bayes—Nothing very much.

These Few Ashes, Mansfield—A series of light love affairs in a rather pleasant Continental manner.

This Thing Called Love, Bijou—Violet Heming in a comedy of marriage which has its good points.

Tomorrow, Lyceum—To be reviewed later.

Tonight at 12, Hudson—Entertaining and ingenious mystery play of the less feverish type.

Young Love, Masque—A cast of four (Dorothy Gish, James Rennie, Catherine Willard and Tom Douglas) in light banter on the subject of—what is that thing now?—sex.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana, Liberty—A new version, with Julius Tannen. To be reviewed later.

Angela, Ambassador—With Jeanette MacDonald, Alison Skipworth, Eric Blore and others. To be reviewed later.

Animal Crackers, Forty-Fourth St.—Those Marx boys making everybody but St. John Ervine laugh.

Billie, Erlanger's—Miss Polly Walker at the head of a typical George M. Cohan parade.

Black Birds of 1928, Eltinge—Some of the best dancing you will ever see and generally splendid Negro entertainment.

Good Boy, Hammerstein's—Some novel scenery, nice music and good amusement value. Elliott Nugent, Charles Butterworth, Helen Kane and others.

Good News, Forty-Sixth St.—We refuse to make ourself look silly by telling you what this is about at this late date.

Hello Yourself! Casino—Chiefly Waring's "Pennsylvanians," but they are good. Warning: It's collegiate stuff.

Hold Everything! Broadhurst—This ought to be one of the shows you see anyway. Ona Munson, Bert Lahr, Victor Moore and Jack Whiting.

Just a Minute, Century—This has moved uptown, but not far enough.

Midnight Frolic, New Amsterdam Roof—With Eddie Cantor. To be reviewed later.

The New Moon, Imperial—As nice a show as there is in town. Not too funny. Evelyn Herbert, Gus Shy and Robert Halliday.

Rainbow, Gaiety—A musical play with a plot and everything, splendidly done. Louise Brown, Charles Ruggles, Libby Holman and Allan Prior.

Rain or Shine, Cohan—Joe Cook has something to do in this.

Scandals of 1928, Apollo—The George White aggregation of stars: Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricia and Ann Pennington.

Show Boat, Ziegfeld—One like this doesn't come every year. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, Edna May Oliver.

This Year of Grace, Selwyn—One of the best revues in history. Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward.

Three Cheers, Globe—Will Rogers makes a swell show out of this poor one.

The Three Musketeers, Lyric—Dennis King and Lester Allen in a real old-fashioned operetta, and very good too.

Treasure Girl, Alvin—Gertrude Lawrence and Gershwin music, with Walter Catlett, Clifton Webb and Mary Hay, ought to make this one better than it is.

Ups-a-Daisy, Shubert—Good entertainment with Luella Gear, Marie Saxon, Roy Royston and others.

Vanities of 1928, Earl Carroll—W. C. Fields makes you laugh so hard that you almost forget how dirty some of it is. Joe Frisco and Ray Dooley also help.

White Lilacs, Jolson—Nothing dirty about this. Clean as a whistle. Guy Robertson, Odette Myrtil and DeWolf Hopper.

Whoopie, New Amsterdam—The Eddie Cantor show. To be reviewed later.

Repertory and Laboratory

Civic Repertory, Fourteenth St.—Eva Le Gallienne in another successful season. Repertory includes: "The Would-be Gentleman," "The Cherry Orchard," "Peter Pan," "L'Invitation au Voyage."

The Dark Mirror, Cherry Lane—Not well enough done to justify its tone.

Robert Benchley.

The Movies

Recent Developments

On Trial, Warner Bros.—A famous trial scene, expertly recorded (with visualization of the testimony) on the Vitaphone. This is an excellent demonstration of the widening scope of the talkie.

Dry Martini, Fox—Light Parisian farce, with a large alcoholic content, but with a negligible kick.

Show People, Metro-Goldwyn—Marion Davies and William Haines in an orgy of commendable kidding.

The Home Towners, Warner Bros.—An all-talkie, well acted, but dulled by the slowness of its pace.

His Private Life, Paramount—Santa Claus should bring Adolphe Menjou a new story.

Varsity, Paramount—Giving Harvard and Yale supporters a fine opportunity to enjoy a hearty laugh at Princeton's expense.

While the City Sleeps, Metro-Goldwyn—Lon Chaney as a sad detective who suffers from unrequited love and flat feet.

Four Devils, Fox—Everyone seems to like this now, so it has probably been cut since I saw it. Or maybe I was wrong to begin with.

Our Dancing Daughters, Metro-Goldwyn—Joan Crawford and Anita Page and a lot of biological revelations.

Me, Gangster, Fox—From which you will gather that it is fine to break the law.

The Battle of the Sexes, United Artists—D. W. Griffith, of all people, directed this trifling but amusing picture of a blonde who got her man.

Mother Knows Best, Fox—The story of a vaudeville star and her obtrusive mother which is interesting until it starts to talk.

Lilac Time, First National—Colleen Moore in the war picture to end war pictures.

The Singing Fool, Warner Bros.—And The Patriot, Paramount—Both highly meritorious.

Marching On, Fox, Interference, Paramount, and Napoleon's Barber, Fox—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Way for a Sailor! by Albert Richard Wetjen. *Century*—A hardy novel of life in the merchant service of the present day. Reviewed in this issue.

Orlando, by Virginia Woolf. *Harcourt, Brace*—An Elizabethan nobleman lives on and on, eventually becoming a lady. All of which is no doubt very funny, but the joke is too private for us—or you either. Reviewed, more or less, in this issue.

Giant Killer, by Elmer Davis. *John Day*—This is enthusiastically recommended on page 40 of this issue.

The Man Who Laughed, by Gerard Fairlie. *Little, Brown*—About a clevah, clevah fiend who baffled Scotland Yard. May serve to eat an evening, if it isn't a very big evening.

How to Behave Though a D butante, by Emily Post. *Doubleday, Doran*—The author of the Book of Etiquette produces a sugar-coated version for the rougher element. Lingerie by John Held, Jr., and very nice, too. Appeared serially in *Harper's Bazar*—a warning, not an advertisement.

The Art of Thinking, by Ernest Dimnet. *Simon & Schuster*—Abb  Dimnet has not written a textbook, or even another of those "short cuts to psychology," so prevalent nowadays. "The Art of Thinking" (nobody said anything about *Science*) is a well-balanced mental meal in pleasant surroundings.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, or **David Copperfield**, by Robert Benchley. *Pictures* by Guyas Williams. *Holt*—Ed NOTE: Pressure having been brought to bear, Mr. Githens broke down at 4:30 P. M. today and confessed that "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield," by Robert Benchley (*Holt*), was a good book, even though he had not received a free copy and a suitable bribe from Mr. Benchley, author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield" (*Holt*). It is against the policy of this department to mention prices, but any book by the author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield" (Robert Benchley) is a good book (*Holt*).

Perry Githens.

Song and Dance

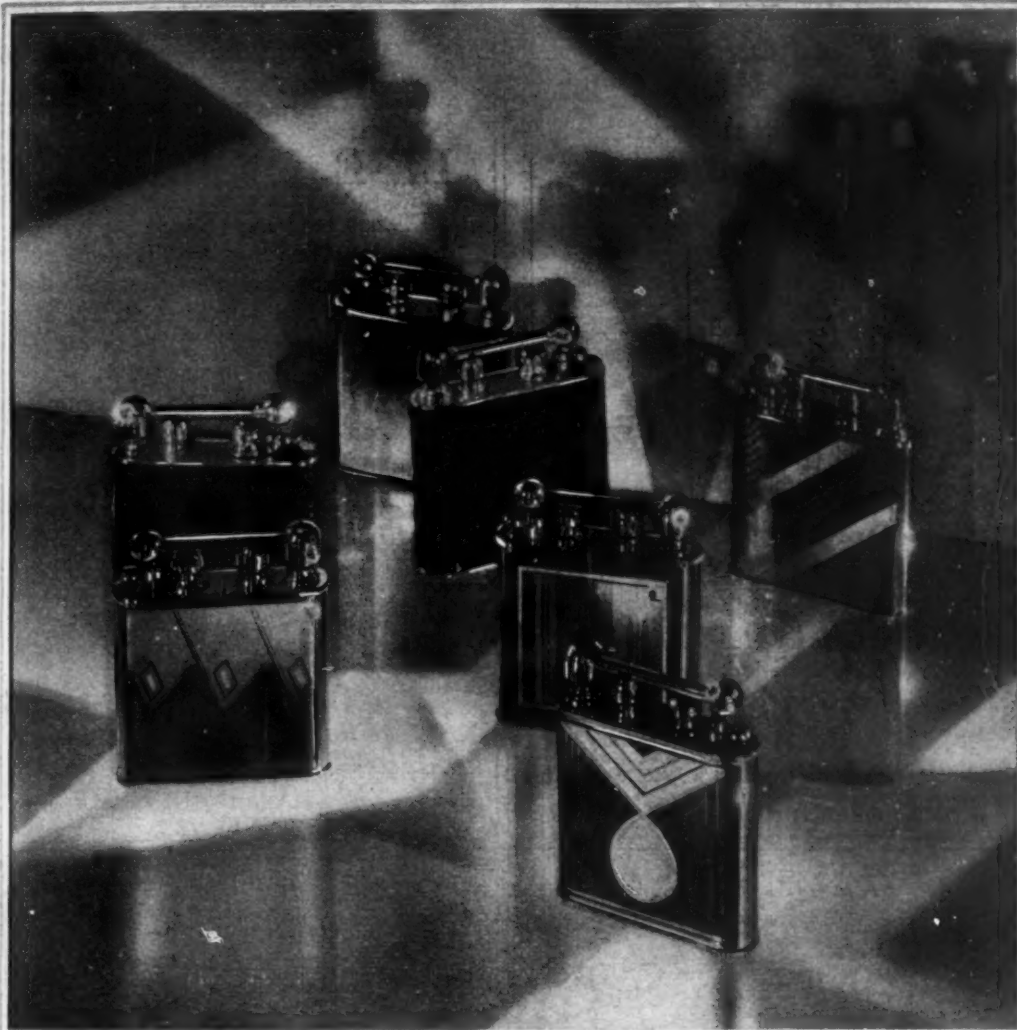
Sheet Music

Remember I Love You. *Mills*—New ballad by the writer of the best-selling waltz song, "Girl of My Dreams," and equally sentimental.

She's Funny That Way. *Villa Morel*—Of the "Man I Love" and "I Must Have That Man!" genus, this powerful fox-trot song, by Richard A. Whiting and Neil Morel, is uncommon stuff. Full title is, "I Got a Woman Crazy for Me, She's Funny That Way." Whiting's lyric tells a forceful tale.

A Bungalow, a Radio and You. *Feist*—A 1928 Omar Khayyam probably voices a popular sentiment of the peasants (as the late Jack Conway would have expressed it), or the booboisie (as Doc Mencken would put it).

(Continued on page 38)



Steichen

Lighters in cases that mirror the moods of genius

What finesse in artistry these new Douglasses show! Slim Silhouettes, this one fashioned in chaste severity, that one deftly etched with traceries to catch the sunbeams.

In sterling, in yellow and green gold, 14k filled — turned by Wadsworth whose craftsmanship brought watchcases a thousand new charms. In enamels, inlaid; in odd leathers, breathtaking things to see!

There are a dozen or more such Douglass Lighters — automatic in action, of course, and matching in their new mechanical perfection the genius their cases show.

They are in your stores—together with many other Douglasses. All are precisely built to rigid standards — each one a worthy, useful gift. Douglass prices, varying with the finish of the cases, are from \$3.50 to \$1000.


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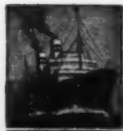
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IT'S not too late to solve your Christmas problem by giving LIFE for Christmas. All you do is fill in the coupon and send five dollars (not too high a price for 52 weeks of good cheer), and we do the rest! On Christmas Day, your lucky friend receives the announcement, hand-drawn by Skippy, himself, that a subscription to LIFE has been entered in your name. Obey that generous impulse!

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The supply is limited. We advise you seriously to get your order in AT ONCE if you want to have the LIFE DOG CALENDAR as a cheerful companion throughout 1929.

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Dear LIFE:

I love dogs, and I want to have your DOG CALENDAR for 1929. Enclosed is one dollar. Please mail the Calendar to the following address:

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*Ah
a Real Havana!*



GIVE HIM a box of real Imported Havanas for his Christmas and your gift will go right on giving pleasure as long as the box lasts! For a real Havana is the mellowed fragrance of pure Havana leaf blended by native experts into cigars of exquisite aroma!

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HABANA, CUBA

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"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



THE DUD: P'raps you'd better go on ahead.
THE BOY: Yessir. What direction?

—PUNCH (LONDON), BY PERMISSION.

WHY GET MAD?

At Camp Grant, during the war, the officers had difficulty in getting the proper salutes from the men. Lecture followed lecture, but apparently to no avail.

A Negro private met a captain one morning, and greeted him with "Howdy, boss."

Followed a long tirade from the captain on the correct way to salute. The buck private listened in silence, scratched his head, and finally said:

"Lawdy, boss, if Ah'd thought you was gwine git so mad about it, Ah wouldn't of spoke to you a-tall."

—From the bulletin of Naval Post, American Legion.

GIGOLO LITTÉRAIRE

THE LATEST tale of the Eastern literati concerns a famous poetess and the latest gentleman to be her inspiration. They met on Fifth Avenue the other afternoon by a delightful accident.

"And when," asked the lady, "are you going to pose for another poem?"

—Chicago Evening Post.

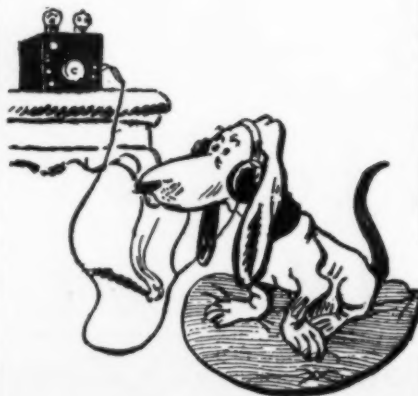
"Now, Arthur, restrain yourself."

"Why, sweetness, I haven't even strained myself yet."—Rutgers Chanticleer.

"FOR SALE—Alaskan reindeer, gentle, tame, and can be led through city streets. Fine antlers, good condition. Also sleigh, painted bright red, highly ornamental, with compartment in back for letters from Santa, mounted on wheels for use in cities, and six sets of harness equipped with bells to fit reindeer."—Adv. in The Billboard.

If ever we wanted anything, we want that.

—New Yorker.



His Master's Voice
—LUSTIGE BLÄTTER (BERLIN).

BOUQUET FOR A BROADCASTER

A MAN whom I could hear forever

Upon the air is David Lawrence.

He just tells facts, with no endeavor
To be jocose or cute or clever;

A thing I hold in high abhorrence.

—L. H. R., in New York Times.

A PATHOLOGICAL CASE

THE midnight blonde débutante who manicures and massages the halls in the Gilbert & Sullivan studios was cursing the fate that had prompted her to bestow her hand and heart on "prob'ly de laziest niggah in de whole o' Hahlem."

She paused to smooth a wrinkle in her champagne-colored hose:

"Ah guess 'bout de bes' thing Ah kin do," she said, "is take dat baby to de doctah an' hab him psycho-annihilated!"—Panorama.

"My moneylending business is soundness itself; it is like a rook."

—Advt. in a Weekly Paper.

In fact, we shouldn't be surprised if it actually is a rook.—Humorist (London).

AFTER looking at him five hours, a writer in California said a flagpole sitter was wasting his time.—Detroit News.

JAMBOREE

A JACKSONVILLE Negro was seen driving a flivver round and round a tree out in the woods recently. Asked what he was doing, he replied: "I'se makin' des' as many lef'-han' turns as I pleases widout gettin' called down by a cop."

—Florida Times-Union.

A LOT of time is wasted expecting everybody to be logical.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



"Papa, is that a garage for pedestrians?"

—LE CANARD ENCHAÎNÉ (PARIS).

YE PRYNTER MANNE

Yt was ye solemn prynter manne
Withe sluggard ways ande slowe,
Who vexed hys face, as prynters canne,
And cursed ye whirling snowe.

'Twas not because ye snowe was colde
That made ye prynter curse,
But reasons worse an hundred-folde—
Aye, mannie measures worse.

Ye prynter knows full welle bytimes
Yt snowes, yt is ye bette
Ye editor wille send him rhymes
On "snowe" that he must sette.

And so ye prynter manne, unchaste,
To helle consigned such rhymes—
(Ye prynter manne hath better taste
Than editors, at times).

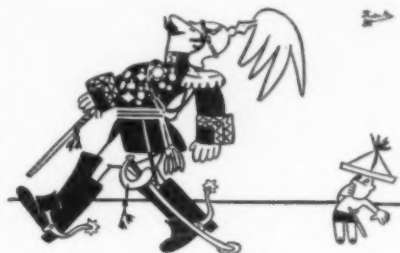
—John D. Wells, in Buffalo Courier-Express.

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters
delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail,
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ILLUSORY

"PA, what is dignity?"

"Dignity, my boy, is what you think you
possess until the Boss says, 'What is the mean-
ing of this?'" —Dublin Opinion.



THE KID: Gosh! I forgot to salute him!

—BUEN HUMOR (MADRID).

THE TREASURER'S WAY

A NEIGHBORHOOD theater treasurer is picking up big-time ways.

As a patron walked away, leaving change on the counter, he was asked what he did in a case like that.

"I always rap on the window with a sponge," he replied.—Variety.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

BUTLER: The post, m'lady.

OLD LADY: Ah, Christmas-cards, I suppose, Jenkins. Well, just examine them, will you? and if you consider any of them are too familiar, just destroy them, Jenkins.—Punch.

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In 1929—what a Standard Diary can do for you and those you love

MAKE up your mind you shall not lose this year, 1929, from your life. Determine that it shall always be a living thing. One year that you shall be able to live again at your slightest wish. You can do it if you get and use a Standard Diary. This is the greatest gift you can make yourself this Christmas, and the most worth while you can possibly find for those you love.

Upon the Christmas lists of intelligent people Standard Diaries

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Select the Standard Diaries you wish from over 300 different styles and bindings. There are diaries for one year and for five. Diaries designed for men and women, boys and girls away at school, and for the busy man. Also appointment books and Record of Investment Books too. Many have lock and key. The prices vary according to size and bindings from 50c to \$6.



The Standard Diary for 1929, "Lest We Forget," No. 883. Bound in Levant Ecrase Leather in rose, green or blue. With lock and key. One page to a day. Packed in handsome de luxe gift box. Size 5 in. x 4 in. Price \$4.50.

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"Locktite"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

On Tobacco Pouches and
Cigarette Cases. Only genuine
Locktites have Talon
Hookless Fasteners.

\$1.00 to \$7.50.



THE LOCKTITE CO., INC. - - GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

LITTLE WOMEN

(Minutes of a meeting of a little girls' club, discovered by the mother who lent the chairs.)

ANNETTE made a motion that Gretchen not be in this club. Helen is now reading the newspaper. Five people liked the newspaper. Gretchen is roaring at the top of her lungs. Helen asked who did not want to write for the newspaper and Joan was the only one. Gretchen is a very very bad member. Gretchen was ordered out but did not go. Annette made a motion that Gretchen go out if she was bad again. The meeting was adjourn because we had to put the chairs away. Annette made a motion that the meeting be adjourn after the meeting was adjourn. THE SECRETARY, MOLLY A—

—New Yorker.

FIRST AUTOMAT PATRON: I put a lead nickel in one of these things the other day, and what do you think came out?

SECOND A. P.: I give up.

FIRST: The manager.—Princeton Tiger.

APOSTASY

It happened at Christmas time about two Yuletides ago. The Woman With the Skirts All the Way Down to Here, who peddled copies of *Birth Control* in front of where the Paramount Theater now stands, was absent from her regular post. The man who sells copies of the *Matrimonial News* near by (who is her husband) was substituting for the *Birth Control* representative.

A frequent and friendly passer-by missed the woman. "Where's your wife tonight?" he asked.

"She's home havin' a baby," was the astonishing response.—*New York Graphic*.

"WHAT is more pleasant than a cold bath before breakfast?" exclaims a writer. No cold bath before breakfast.—*Ideas (London)*.

A GIFT



ROLLS THE ONE BLADE SAFETY RAZOR

IN its compact metal case a Rolls Razor is a gift that will be a joyous reminder of its donor every day. Unlike others there is only one blade necessary with a Rolls Razor. Of the finest Sheffield steel, hollow ground and perfectly tempered, this blade, properly handled, will give a life time of perfect shaves.

Stropped in its case before shaving, honed in its case when necessary, the blade, kept ever keen, shaves flat against the face—not at right angles. It cuts the hair—does not pull it out.

A Rolls Razor is a luxurious necessity that any man will take pride in possessing.

Not just another kind of Safety Razor
It's actually another kind of shave

A British Importation

Imperial No. 1

Silver plate in leathered container \$15.

Imperial No. 2

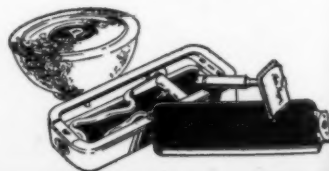
Nickel plate in cardboard container \$10.

We recommend Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap for a superior shave. Packed in hygienic indestructible bowl \$1.50.

For Sale at The Better Shops

Descriptive Folder
Sent on Request

LEE & SCHIFFER, Inc.
17 East 44th Street, N. Y. C.
U. S. Distributors



The All-American Racket

(Continued from page 28)

a few flying figures in his own comparatively narrow sector? To give the critics their due, most of them being sensible chaps, they know that an All-American team is the unblushing bunk and they go about the business of picking one with their tongues in their cheeks.

Here's the layout. An observer, by vigorous scrambling, can see at most a dozen football games in a season. Yet there were no fewer than 243 college contests on the schedule for one Saturday in October. They were not all "important" games, but there may have been some marvelous players on neglected teams. That's their hard luck. Even sticking to the important games and remaining in a limited area, with the conflict in schedules an observer is bound to miss seeing some of the best games, best teams and best players in his own area. With that as a starting handicap, how can he step out and pick the prize packages from all over the country?

Then how is it done? Well, it's easy enough. Try it this way. There was some talk about Barratt of Ohio State as a great center. Chuck Howe of Princeton outplayed him when they met. Howe has a good reputation around the East. So put Howe down as All-American center, even though he is a Princeton man and Princeton, Harvard and Yale nominations are regarded with suspicion these days. In selecting your guards, you must move on to some other territory.

You could mention Greene and Hall of Yale or Hammack of the Army, but the big idea is to get one guard in the Middle West—any guard will do—and another from the South, like Baccus of Southern Methodist. For tackles you might try "Tiny" Clark of Harvard and match him up with Skidmore of Alabama or Mooney of Georgetown. Grab one end from the West Coast and another from New England, just to show that you are broad-minded.

For backs you can have your choice of Cagle of the Army, Pape of Iowa, Weston of Boston College, Hoffman of Stanford, Nagurski of Minnesota, Strong of N. Y. U., Randolph of Georgia Tech, Eby of Ohio State, and so on. But the trick is to bob up with four men representing four widely scattered sections of the country. That makes it a perfect fit. The All-American team is complete!

The low estate to which the selection of All-American teams has fallen is pretty well illustrated by the story of two co-eds who were arguing about a boy friend.

"That bird," said one of the girls, "is the world's moistest smack. I wouldn't be seen at a class reunion with him!"

"That's all right," said the other, hotly defending the gentleman in question. "He's on the All-American team."

Her friend regarded her with beautiful scorn. "Well," she inquired, "who *isn't*?"



CLYDE LINE

THESE mammoth new steamers are giving a new distinction to that glorious winter journey to Miami and Havana. Both have an enviable record of popularity among luxury-loving travelers who know the true meaning of SERVICE. Each is like a gracious and satisfying hotel . . . luxurious . . . colorful . . . diverting . . . the supreme achievement in modern travel!

To HAVANA and MIAMI &

If you bestow appreciation on your personal accommodations you will revel in the charmingly decorated suites and bedrooms . . . with a wide range of choice and price. Spacious lounges . . . broad open decks . . . glass enclosed promenades . . . concerts . . . dancing . . . deck sports . . . all that a gorgeous new ship with its endless marvels can place at your disposal!

Special winter service from New York to Havana, during January, February and March — with a day's sightseeing at Miami en route. Attractive all-expense tours including steamer accommodations, hotels and sightseeing trips.

Also regular sailings from New York to Jacksonville and Miami, calling at Charleston, S. C., with additional non-stop express service New York direct to Miami.

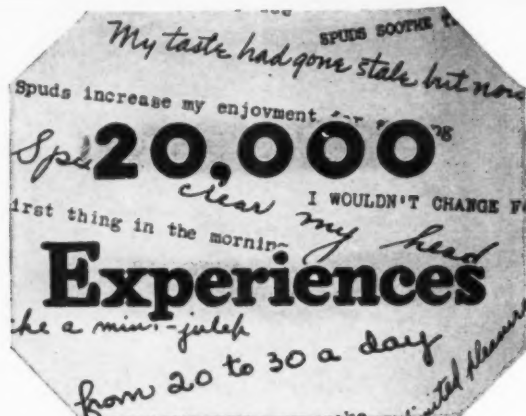
Automobiles carried on all Steamers

New De Luxe Sister Ships Shawnee and Iroquois



For complete information apply to Clyde Line, 25 West 43rd St. or Pier 36, North River, New York, or any authorized Tourist Agent.





with One Cigarette

Some 20,000 people have written us their experiences with Spud, the menthol-cooled cigarette.

Tobacco connoisseurs spoke of Spud's blend as "epicurean among tobaccos". Cigar smokers welcomed Spud as their "change-off" smoke.

Pack and two-pack-a-day cigarette enthusiasts labelled Spud as the cigarette "allowing unlimited tobacco enjoyment", with the day's last cigarette tasting "as good as the first". Beginners cited Spud's gentleness on inexperienced throats.

Dentists and throat specialists asserted Spud helped cases of leukoplakia (inflamed throat). Actors and lecturers acclaimed Spud as a great cigarette for income-earning throats.

Cowboys, beset daily with alkali dust, described how Spuds brought relief to parched mouths. Chronic cold-catchers related how they were introduced to Spuds during a cold... how they kept up the acquaintance after the cold had gone. Numerous smokers told of the surprise of Spud's first puff... how they had to smoke through a whole pack before they suddenly realized Spud enjoyment.

But nearly every letter seemed to embody one similar refrain:

Now the smoking public is meeting the inevitable development in tobacco enjoyment... a tobacco enjoyment unhampered and unlimited at all times, in all places... Spud enjoyment.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., Louisville, Ky.

SPUD

MENTHOL COOLED

Cigarettes...20 for 20¢

NOT IN THE BACK OF THE BOOK

With the publication of official documents and biographies, practically every question relating to the war can be answered except the officious second lieutenant's "Who said that?"

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



MOULDS
For Making Toy Soldiers,
Indians, Cowboys, Animals, etc.

With one Mould you can make many HUNDREDS OF CASTINGS. Whole Armies. Outfits, including material for casting, enamel paints and everything complete, \$4.50. Easy enough for any boy to make and great fun for grown-ups. Sport for the whole family. Write for illustrations of dozens of patterns you can make.
MAKE-A-TOY COMPANY
1898 Boston Road Dept. H New York City

JUST WHAT HE WANTED

Jones rang the bell at the new doctor's house. The doctor's wife answered the ring.

"You wish to see the doctor?" she said. "Couldn't you come tomorrow morning?"

"Why," said Jones, "isn't the doctor in?"

"Oh, yes, he's in," said the young wife wistfully, "but you're his first patient and I'd like you to come as a surprise for him tomorrow. You see, it's his birthday."

—Boston Transcript.

CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT has thrown out the briefs of the I. R. T. subway fare case as too wordy, too burdensome and too irrelevant. The documents are suffering from overcrowding.
—New York Sun.

Confidential Guide

(Continued from page 30)

When Summer Is Gone. *Browne*—One of the prettiest ballads emanating from the Middle West is this appealing refrain.

Oh! You Sweet Old Watcha-May-Call-It. *Berlin*—With the market glutted by ballads, novelty songs are rare these days, largely because of the picture theme songs. This one brightly deals with a tongue-tied swain.

At Last. *DeSylva-Brown-Henderson*—George Olsen, the jazz maestro, had a hand in contriving this vigorous fox-trot song. Title expresses the gladsome theme.

Records

Whispering and Japanese Sandman. *Victor 21731*

These yester-year fox-trot favorites are almost as popular today via the ether and on the dance floors. Paul Whiteman has re-recorded them Orthophonically for Victor and, embellished with modern orchestral treatment, they impress anew with their refreshing melodic charm. It was this couplet, incidentally, which made Whiteman famous.

I'll Be Ready When the Great Day Comes and Deep River. *Brunswick 4063*—Forbes Randolph's Kentucky Jubilee Choir, familiar to the congregations of the cinematic cathedrals and the less sanctimonious vodvil fans for their Negro spiritual harmonies, here offer two of the greatest spirituals ever written. The first is a snappy syncopated composition, characteristic of the emotional pep that grips the dusky brethren and sistren while in the holy throes. "Deep River," by the great Negro composer, Henry Burleigh, is more serene and sonorous, and is as beautifully harmonized by the Jubilee Choir.

The Land of Going-to-Be and Let's Do It. *Victor 21745*—A good dance and "canned vaudeville" disk is this couplet of the hits from "Paris," the Irene Bordoni show, recorded by Irving Aaronson and his Commanders, also featured in the show. "The Land of Going-to-Be" is a charming waltz; "Let's Do It," a racy tidbit lyrically, is snappily vocalized against a strict dance tempo.

Somebody Stole My Gal and Sister Kate. *Columbia 14367*—In keeping with the idiom of the day, the Whoopie Makers have come into existence to make "blues" steppe with a brace of sizzling fox-trots. The latter number is the classic jazz aspiration, "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate."

Thais and Tambourin Chinois. *Victor 6844*—A new Fritz Kreisler record is always somewhat of an event. Here the virtuoso couples a popular operatic favorite, Massenet's Meditation from "Thais," with one of his own brilliant compositions, "Tambourin Chinois," a favorite Kreislerian encore piece.

Yesterthoughts and Punctine'lo. *Brunswick 4062*—Two of Victor Herbert's brightest orchestral compositions are charmingly performed by the Brunswick Concert Orchestra.

Abel Green.

First during
Holidays

No.
1
Cocktail



First in thirst. Use a dash of sunshine, a ripple of merriment, one-half Martini & Rossi Vermouth, one-half your second favorite ingredient, plenty of ice—shake well, add an olive. Or, No. 1 Hippy Hop style, use one-third grapefruit juice, one-third pineapple juice, one-third Martini & Rossi Vermouth, a clove-ice, shaker, cherry.

Free Bridge Pad and Vermouth Cocktail Recipes sent on request.

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THE TOASTMASTER Published quarterly for public speakers requiring laughs; 30 cents a copy; \$1 per year. No. 1 now ready. 323 North Citrus Ave., Los Angeles.



Havana, smartest city in America, offers you thirteen daily hours of sunshine for sport, horse-racing on the prettiest track you've seen, a Jockey Club where you may play, dine, dance or watch the races—Jai-Alai, fastest game on earth—and the Casino, luxurious shrine of a fickle goddess, with the best cook this side of Paris.



Bring your car in free of duty and discover romantic Cuba on velvet highways—the wondrous Isle of Pines—the sponge fisheries of Batabano—the Valley of the Yumuri—the Valley of Vinales—Pinar del Rio, home of "burning romance" in leaf-beautiful Matanzas.

Information from Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, or from any Cuban Consulate or Tourist Agency.

Havana
SMARTEST CITY
IN AMERICA

RHYMED REVIEWS

Business the Civilizer

By Earnest Elmo Calkins. Little, Brown & Co.

Away with songs on Homer's plan
Of kings, of seas, of battles gory!
The up-and-coming business man
Shall be the theme of future story.

Our gallant knights of trade shall ride
Through stirring paragraphs and stanzas

With advertising men beside
Their lords as trusty Sancho Panzas.

The business man, a paladin,
An errant knight of high adventure,
Is purged of every sordid sin
That moralists were wont to censure.

From honor's path he will not swerve,
But holds his course with proud decision;
Resolved to build, to aid, to serve,
He tells the Truth, he sees the Vision.

Did not the Medici and such
Support their Raphaels and Titians?
The business man shall do as much
For latter-day academicians.

Their skill shall daub his color plates
With hues of violet and poppy,
While Byron, Keats or Shakespeare waits
To do his advertising copy.

And while our hero plans for all
The perfect razor, car or gaiter,
Who'll solve his problems great and small?
The wise publicity creator.

For those with ships or shoes to sell,
Or Persian cats or gray grimalkins,
Must advertise them long and well,
Says very Earnest Elmo Calkins.
Arthur Guiterman.

BLOCK THAT MOVE!

"THE HARVARD captain left the field," writes George Daley in the *New York World*, "with the feeling that the Pennsylvania captain had blocked his every move, as in truth was a fact to a large extent."

We suppose that if Captain Scull had blocked only three out of four of Captain French's moves, it would have been in truth a fact to no more than a medium-sized extent.

LIKELY

"I HEAR they're going to make a movie out of 'My Autobiography,' by Benito Mussolini."

"And the theme song, I suppose, will be 'That's My Weakness Now.'"

WHAT this country needs is a bullet-proof Middle West.



Does your smoking taste vary with the weather or just of its own sweet will? Can you be sure what the next puff will bring? You can, if you are one of the growing multitude of Squibb's Dental Cream fans.

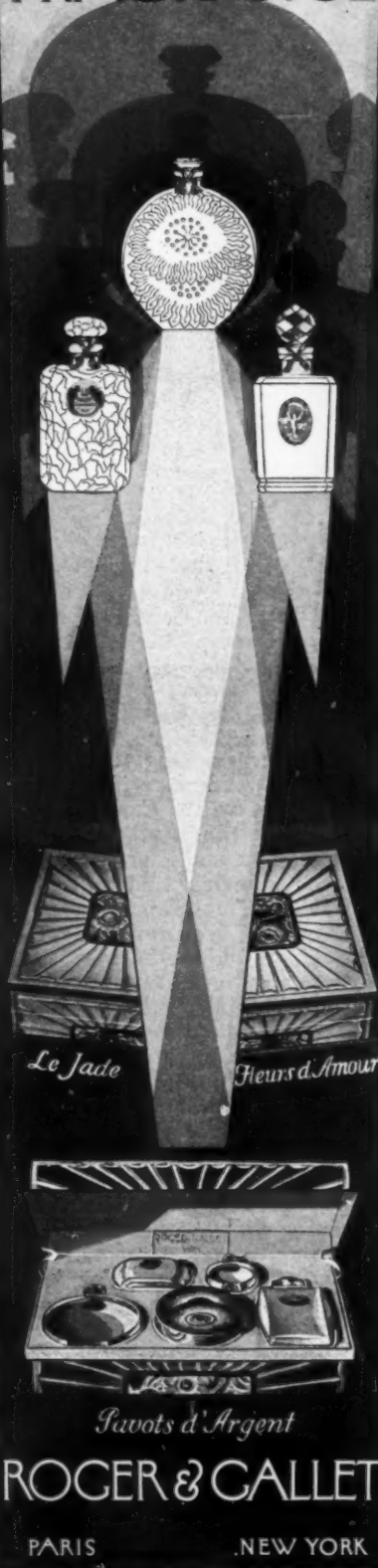
For the frequent use of Squibb's adds mellowness and flavor to even the finest smoke. Its bland antacid action lulls the mouth into a soothed freshness and gives you protection against harsh taste and heavy breath. It contains over 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.

Start tonight to use Squibb's Dental Cream—for your smoking's sake; follow up in the morning with another thorough brushing, and if your taste is any sort of barometer it will register "fine smoking all day." 40c at any druggist's.

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ECHOES of FRAGRANCE



© Roger & Gallet 1928

READING MATTERS



by
**Perry
Githens**

"GIANT KILLER" (*John Day*) is the story of David, who could always get someone else to kill his giants for him, but Elmer Davis has made Joab the hero of this, his best book.

It is Joab, the man of blood and battle, who builds the Kingdom of Israel for David to get the credit; it is Joab who kills the giants while David makes the songs. And it is Joab who, at the last, is beaten, betrayed, and slain before the Ark of God which he lived only to preserve.

Davis has taken that period in the history of Israel when the Chosen People rose from a gathering of quarrelsome tribes under Saul to the unity of a kingdom under Solomon. The dim canvas of the Bible story he has repainted with calm, sure strokes; the uncertain record of the past he has brought within modern understanding; and this without recourse to anachronistic catch-phrases, or artificial injections of comedy in the manner of less scholarly attempts at modernization.

But for all his adherence to the record, Davis has written a novel as well as a history, and the characters he has recreated become more like real people and less like historical personages. The Philistines, for instance, turn out to be a cultured people and Joab, fresh from the comparative barbarity of Judah, is astonished by the clean-shaven men, and the women with their hair clipped boyishly; the temples, the shops, the music, and the wonders of the palace.

"Well, David," he says to the yet uncrowned King of Israel, "what do you think of it all?" But David stands unseeing in the midst of the evidences of civilization. "The women are too thin," he observes, "but I suppose a man could get used to that."

I doubt that it was the purpose of Mr. Davis to exalt the glories of the Philistines, or to expose the shortcomings of David; I doubt that he had any other purpose than to tell an interesting story. He has succeeded at that. "Giant Killer" is long, and there is little of humor in it, but it is never dull.

"ORLANDO," by Virginia Woolf, is probably a work of really magnificent proportions, and members of a certain limited group in London will no doubt take it up with exclamations of glee. But for most of us in the cruder outlands of Chicago, Kansas City, and Manhattan, "Orlando" (*Harcourt, Brace*) is a long, dull book.

By "magnificent proportions," I mean a big-hearted disregard for the limitations



Just a Few Hours* to Good Times

It's just overnight to an Indian summer that lasts all winter long . . . to golden days of golf and outdoor sport . . . to perfect, bracing climate . . . where deep draughts of pine-scented air are a daily tonic.

For 30 years Pinehurst has stood first in the hearts of the better type of sports lover who wishes an outdoor background for a pleasant social life.



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Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

*Only 15½ hours from New York City on through Pullmans. The luxurious Carolina Hotel, famed for its cuisine and thoughtful service, now open. Attractively furnished cottages for rent reasonably.

A holiday remembrance

"I can never forget, nor would I if I could, the packages of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE that were sent to us in France from the U. S. A. about Holiday time during the War.

While we were shaking in our shoes this healing, antiseptic powder for the feet, the remark frequently went 'round: 'It ain't the A. E. F. that's winnin' this war — it's the A. F. E.!

So now, as during the war, Allen's Foot-Ease makes a Satisfying, Soothing, Holiday Remembrance. At all Druggists — and a 2c stamp mails a package.

(Signed) BUDDY ENUF SAYD"

of time, space, and sex. "Orlando" begins as the biography of a young Elizabethan nobleman, and rushes over three centuries in a whirlwind of anecdote and hyperbole.

I am not saying that "Orlando" isn't a good book. I am merely warning you that if you aren't in the know you won't get a great deal out of it without a lot of reading, and traveling to Bloomsbury, and such, and frankly, it isn't worth it.

Indeed, I suspect that "Orlando" isn't a book at all, but a ventriloquist's dummy for the witty but obscure reflections of Virginia Woolf, and that we have all been taken in by a take-off on biographies in general.

"WAY FOR A SAILOR!" by Albert Richard Wetjen (*Century*), is a modern "Two Years Before the Mast." Extravagantly written, and heavily hand-colored, it nevertheless deserves a place beside the earlier classic for its portrait of life at sea in the age of steam.

The story is that of young *Jack Lassin*, son of seafarers, who came "over the bows," from for'castle to four-striper, playing and fighting around the world; living high, wide and handsome. Told in a crude and boisterous manner, the book might easily be dismissed as just another "he-man" history, but beneath the surface roughness lies a real feeling for the sea and those who toil on it.

"Way for a Sailor!" seemed unnecessarily theatrical until the reports of the sinking of the "Vestris" began to come in. With a real drama of the sea unfolding as I read the closing chapters, the book itself became real, leaped into full size, became magnificent in its strength and sweep and color. And what I thought was going to be a tiresome yarn from a talkative mariner grew to epic proportions. Right now, "epic" is the word.



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THE most distinguished address in Bermuda. The rendezvous for the Island's whirl of social gaiety. Beautifully situated amidst fifteen acres of tropical gardens. Dancing, golf, tennis, sailing, swimming, riding, fishing. Fire-proof construction. Luxurious accommodations for five hundred guests.

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Give ... JEWELRY this Christmas!



WHAT to give . . . what to give . . . Our thoughts may travel a dozen trails, but they center always at the jewelry store. Only jeweled possessions seem, somehow, to truly reflect the sincere sentiment, the lasting love we put into the present.

A treasure from the jewelry store is indeed a present with a future. Each passing year will find your jeweled gift increasingly beloved.



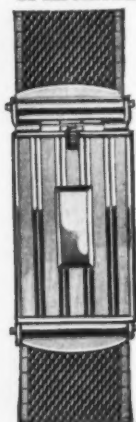
for
GIFTS that LAST
Consult your Jeweler

NATIONAL JEWELERS PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION



PICTURE OF ANY MAN and his KREMENTZ GIFT

This Christmas, as usual, Krementz Jewelry will be given in thousands of homes... and just as many thousands of men will show their appreciation of Krementz Quality.



KREMENTZ Wrist Watch Bands—new and different. No buckle! Instead, *three expanding links!* Prevents dropping watch. Permits watch and strap to be slipped up on arm when washing hands. In Krementz Quality Rolled Gold Plate with leather or flexible Milanaise mesh bands—\$7.50 to \$15. Also in 14kt. and 18kt. gold and solid platinum.



When completely expanded there is ample allowance for free passage over hand or up on forearm.



No. 2082—Full dress set. White mother-of-pearl centers; Krementz Quality white metal rims. Complete, \$7.50. Other Sets to \$50.

KREMENTZ Tuxedo and Full Dress Sets in widest variety of newest designs. As smart and as pleasing as they are socially correct. See Krementz Gift Jewelry at your dealer's, or write for name of nearest one.

Krementz

Newark, N. J.

The Smith Family Outlaws War

(Continued from page 14)

And, of course, since nobody had done much farming while the row was on, the crops were all spoilt. All in all, it looked like a pretty bad winter.

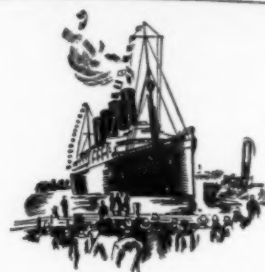
Well, we all went home and tried to straighten things out as best we could. You'd have thought we had our bellyful of fighting, but would you believe it, before long there we all were, passing remarks and cutting each other on the street and kicking each other's dogs, just like old times. Not that I can blame the others much. You see, the trouble was, they were all trying to make a living and having a pretty hard time. The Smythes and the Schmieds just had to keep store, because they couldn't live off their farms. And that meant going after business, and they both got in each other's way. And the Forgerons wanted Big Schmied to pay for wrecking their place, and didn't believe him when he said he couldn't. The Fabbro place never had been very good land, and his family was getting so big they just had to move, and there wasn't any place to go that didn't belong to somebody else. None of them liked us Smiths much; you know how you feel when you owe money to some guy that's got a lot more money than you have.

Altogether, things looked pretty black. We knew that if we ever did get into another scrap, it would be to the finish—the finish of all of us. And still, you know, we couldn't think how to avoid it. Finally some of the kids got together behind the barn one day, and then went home and had a talk with their fathers. "Look here, Dad," they said, "it's silly for relations to fight like this. Let's all get together and talk over our troubles, and see if we can't straighten things out once and for all."

Well, that sounded worth trying, so they called a big meeting down at the clubhouse one evening, and the heads of all the branches of the family went down to talk things over. I'll never forget that night. It was awfully late when Dad finally got home, to find us all waiting up for him; and I must say he looked mighty pleased with himself. "Boys," he said, "it's all settled. No more fights. We got together and wrote out a paper and gave everybody a copy, and we're all going to sign." I tell you, we felt pretty happy. Mother even cried a little, she was so relieved. Then Dad sat down at his desk, and put on his glasses, and read the paper out to us. It went like this:

SMITH FAMILY—LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS

1. Any family desiring to start a fight with another family must give the latter written notice of its intentions, written in



To share in the pleasures of Cowes, of Henley, of Ascot—one must journey to England. But to share in the pleasure of smoking the discriminating Britisher's favorite pipetobacco—one need only call for CRAVEN MIXTURE, the tobacco which was the inspiration of Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine."

CRAVEN MIXTURE—a truly fine imported tobacco, first blended at the command of the Third Earl of Craven in 1867—can now be had at the better tobacconists in the United States and Canada, too. For a liberal sample tin, send 10c in stamps to Carreras, Ltd., Dept. 30, 220 Fifth Ave., New York.



Craven

MIXTURE

Imported from London
Made by Carreras, Ltd., London Established 1788

for muscular
aches

quick
relief
-comfort



rub in

Absorbine Jr.

At all DRUGGISTS \$1.25
Send for free trial bottle
W.F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ink on one side of the paper only. Stamp for reply must be enclosed.

2. Any family starting a fight with another family shall be considered the aggressor. Breaking down a family's front door and setting fire to the house shall be considered an act of aggression, unless it was done in self-defense.

3. A family desiring to kill members of another family may do so only by the following methods: Beating, stabbing, shooting, or poisoning. Any person killed by hanging, decapitation, boiling in oil or tickling to death at the hands of a neighbor is entitled to recover damages.

4. Knives employed in settling family differences shall have blades not over twelve inches long, of stainless steel, to avoid danger of lockjaw, and provided with ebonite handles. The use of pearl handles shall be considered ostentatious.

5. Brass knuckles may be worn on one hand only.

6. Every member of every family shall be permitted to carry the following firearms for emergency use, in the following quantities only: Revolvers, .22 caliber, 1 only; same, .32 caliber, not more than 2; .33 caliber, not more than 3; same, .45 caliber, not more than 6. Automatics, no limitation as to number, but they must be union-made. Shotguns may be carried up to the number of 3, but they must not be discharged while standing on the head or looking into a mirror. This restriction shall not apply to machine-guns, for who would be mean enough to use a machine-gun?

7. The use of arquebuses, bombards, catapults, and muzzle-loading blunderbusses is positively prohibited.

8. Sling shots, spears, and bows and arrows are strictly prohibited.

9. Throwing stones or green apples is absolutely prohibited.

10. This agreement is utterly, permanently, and unconditionally binding upon all the signers thereof. Any family violating it will be subjected to considerable criticism.

We all cheered and shook hands. Then Dad dipped his pen in the ink and signed his name. "There!" he said. "Now we can go to work in peace."

A MODEST GAME

Four authorities on bridge are about to have a game. Designating them according to the blurbs on the books they have written, we find that as partners they are grouped as follows:

EMINENT	
GREATEST	PREMIER
FOREMOST	

Bill Sykes.

TEACHER (during a class on mining): Now, if I went West and leased land and got oil on it, what would I be?

STUDENT: A Republican!

The Saratoga Flair

\$5.00



SINCE 1854



Stitches will not unravel even though thread is cut or broken

For Christmas give him a glove that's a little away from the usual—yet one he can wear with comfort and satisfaction. The "Saratoga Flair" is a pull-on glove—quite the smartest thing for street or driving. Made of strong, flexible calfskin with a side vent which makes it easy to slip on and off. Hand cut, with hand-sewn back and hem—and washable!

Daniel Hays Gloves

Among those presents

RIGHT up in the front rank of things to give for Christmas put Eveready Flashlights. Not only because that's one of the easiest and most successful ways out of the Christmas-gift dilemma, but because it's the sensible thing to do.

Everybody, from six to sixty, wants a genuine Eveready. Not just "a flashlight," but a genuine Eveready. Yes, it's important to insist on this point. Genuine Evereadys have ALL the newest and best features. There are models and types for every possible purpose.

This year, brighten the lives of all to whom you give. Start them right with the flashlight habit, that national movement to save skinned shins, banged heads and ripped clothes. Give them the world's best portable light-maker—a genuine Eveready Flashlight.

A perfect gift for Bridge Players

A great convenience

The remarkably convenient and entirely new bridge table attachment clamps easily, quickly, and firmly to the table corner, holds ash trays and glasses within handy reach but out of sight. With TRAY-RAK, it is impossible to spill ashes or liquids on the table-top. Never before has a similar attachment been offered for the convenience of millions of bridge players. A pair of TRAY-RAK attachments, finished in crinkled leather-finish green enamel on steel and including four beautiful green glass tumblers and two ash trays to harmonize, is priced at \$5.00 complete. You want a pair of TRAY-RAK for each of your bridge tables—and your friends will welcome them as Christmas gifts.

Buy TRAY-RAK from your dealer or order direct from manufacturer

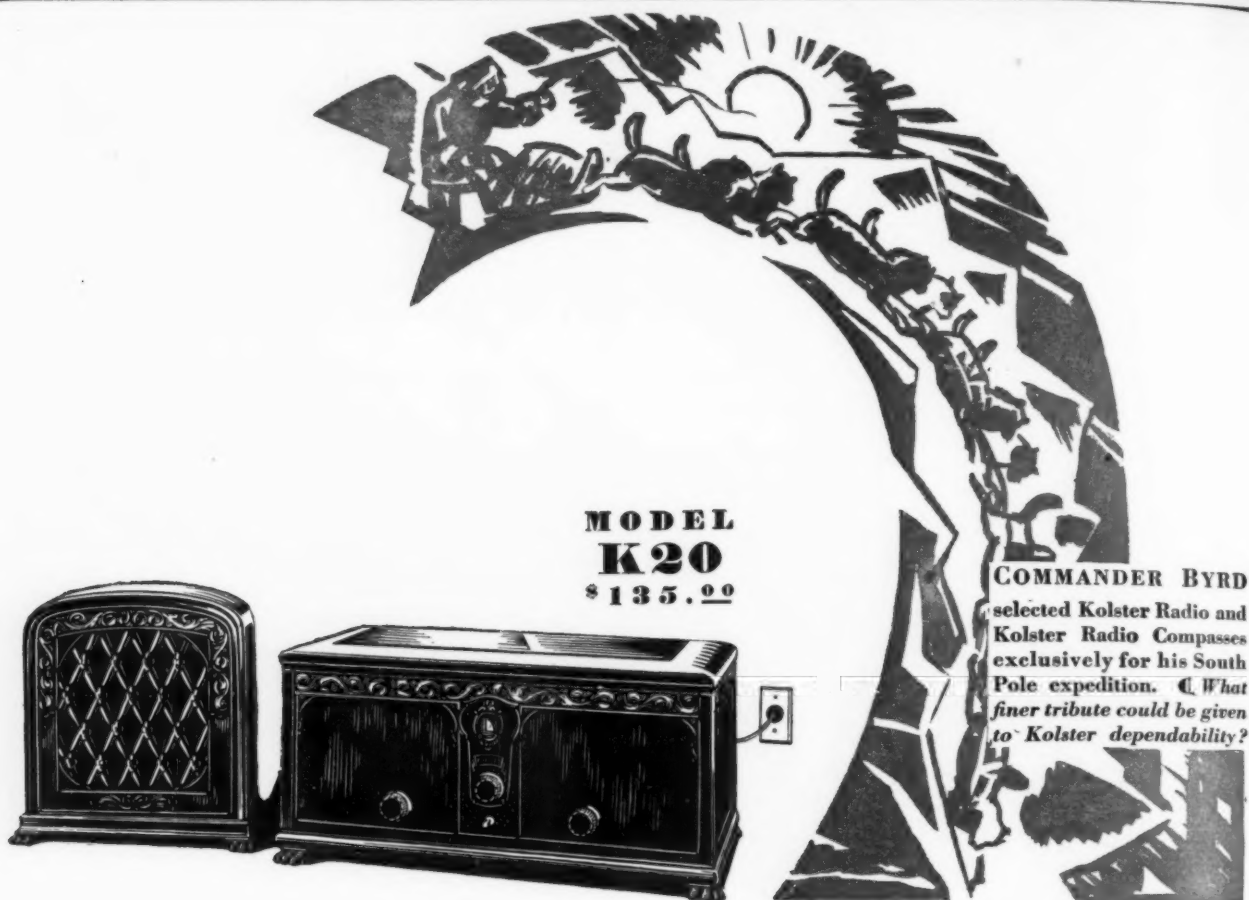
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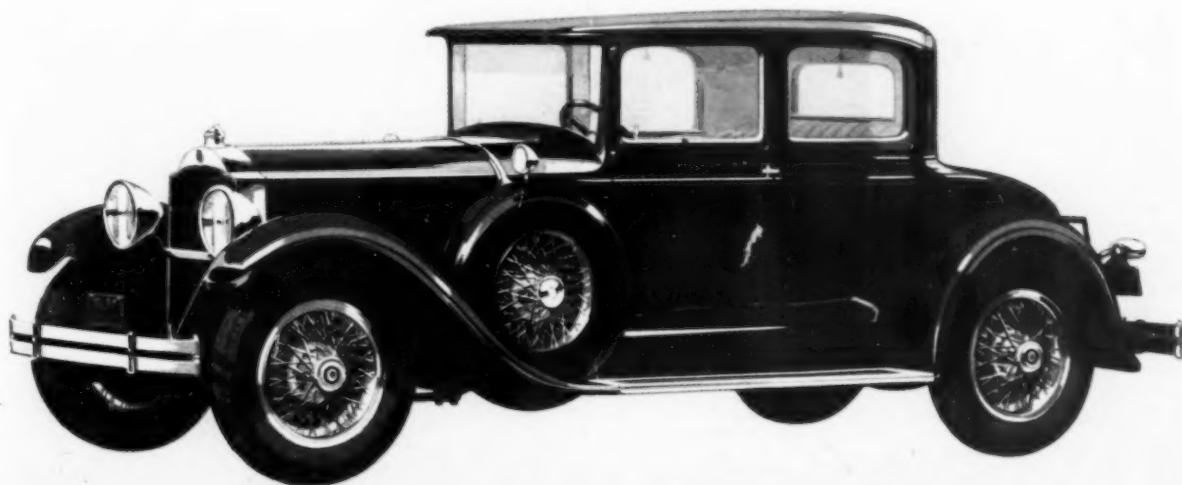
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15

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